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Sir Charles Lawrence Young. Bart.

2319

# *POEMS,*

BY

## MRS. G. SEWELL,

RELICT OF THE LATE REV. GEO. SEWELL,
RECTOR OF BYFLEET, SURREY.

*(To which are added Essays, Moral and Religious.)*

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. II.

EGHAM AND CHERTSEY:
PRINTED AND SOLD BY R. WETTON AND SONS.

SOLD ALSO BY

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1805.

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JUN. 1943
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# PREFACE.

THE generous Encouragement which was bestowed on my First Volume of POEMS, by a numerous and respectable list of Subscribers, has partly emboldened and induced me to offer a second attempt to the candour of the Public.

That I have ventured to introduce some juvenile Pieces in the following Collection, I hope will not be injurious to them in the opinion of the Reader; though it cannot be expected, that a Muse which has been fostered in the bosom of Friendship and family kindness, should be received with equal indulgence by an impartial world: many a defect must be obvious to the penetrating eye of Criticism, which neither the Author nor the Friend would have distinguished.

# PREFACE.

The Essays in prose may display (in the opinion of many) a blameable presumption in the Author; though she has reason to hope, from so respectable a commendation as that of the late excellent Dr. FORDYCE, that her efforts may be favourably received. It is true, she may seem to venture on subjects too solemn and sublime for her capacity; nor will it be forgot, that the noblest and best of our Writers have shone and enlarged upon such subjects. Conscious of this truth, she only desires Candour, and hopes it will be fairly remembered, that where superior erudition is wanting to enrich the Treasury of Human Knowledge, the humble mite (by example of Divine benignity) should be accepted.

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# POEMS.

# POEMS,

*&c.*

## LINES TO A MYRTLE,

GIVEN ME BY MRS. B. AND CARRIED INTO HAMPSHIRE, IN 1790.

WRITTEN AT NORTH HINTON.

LIVE, beauteous Myrtle! ever priz'd by me;
The fairest flow'r shall never equal thee;
Thy verdant leaves from joyous L * * Y drew
A richer fragrance, and a softer hue:
May balmy gales thy drooping sweets expand,
And bless the gift of gentle CLARA's hand.

By thee inspir'd, Remembrance shall impart
Her graceful smile and tenderness of heart:
On thee shall shine fair Fancy's golden ray,
And Truth shall guard thee on a wintry day.
Live, matchless Myrtle! lest on Bagshot's plain,
From scorching sun I kept thy sweets in vain;
From many an adverse shock and heedless arm,
I seiz'd thy tender stalk, and sav'd from harm;
With anxious care thy fading charms convey'd,
And safely plac'd them in this distant shade.
Then live, sweet Myrtle! Mem'ry shall restore
Those cheerful scenes, which thou must see no more:
Perchance unheeded, in so fair a spot,
Thy leaves had bloom'd, unheeded and forgot.
Thy mistress courts thee in this humble scene,
And feels that Friendship is an EVERGREEN.

AN

# ALLEGORICAL DIALOGUE.

AFFLICTION.

Close ye, dark shadows, round my head,
And wrap me in eternal night!
My little world of joy is dead,
And all is darkness to my sight.

FRIENDSHIP.

Come, gentle mourner, turn this way—
Lo! Pleasure calls thee from her bow'rs;
She'll make thy path with frolics gay,
And deck it with her fairest flow'rs.

AFFLICTION.

Her fairest flow'rs, in vain for me,
  Display their bright enchanting bloom—
Entwin'd with cypress wou'd they be,
  Or scatter'd o'er my DAMON'S tomb.
Ah! do'st thou think her sportive airs,
  Her soft delusions, can prevail,—
When fond Affection's tend'rest cares,
  And thine, oh Friendship!—thine can fail?

FRIENDSHIP.

But gaze on Wealth—more solid joy
  His glitt'ring treasures shall impart;
And costly banquets shall destroy
  The sadness that corrodes thy heart.

AFFLICTION.

His charms may gorgeous Wealth reveal,
(By Avarice and the world carest)
While bleeding Mem'ry still must feel
The poverty within my breast.

FRIENDSHIP.

Oh then, let bold Ambition speak—
The glow of Grandeur and of Fame,
Shall dry the tear that's on thy cheek,
And kindle now a nobler flame.

AFFLICTION.

Ah, no!—that flame may fiercely burn;
Its fatal torch, to thousands known!—
The fire that burns on DAMON's urn,
Consumes my heart,—but mine alone.

## TO THE REV. Mr. B * * * *,

### ON THE DEATH OF HIS SON.

Where is the Muse, with soft and plaintive grace,
Which steals from Sorrow's cheek the silent tear;
Beguiles the spirit, even in Death's embrace,
And soothes the sadness of the Mourner's ear?

Thy melting strains, thy harmony divine—
Prepare, soft Muse! with nicest, gentlest art:
Oh thou—by Heaven inspir'd!—'tis only thine,
To touch the feelings of a Father's heart.

Is there a pang which wounds the conscious soul,
And rends the tend'rest ties of life in twain?
Ev'n gen'rous Friendship dares not to console,
And helpless Pity bleeds in ev'ry vein.

Ev'n the kind Angel, whose benignant care,
O'er the sad couch of faded Sickness hung,
Beheld the blooming hopes which perish'd there,
And gentle Comfort falter'd on her tongue.

"Oh, form'd to soothe Distress and lighten Care,"
And check the dire advance of slow Disease;
The noble heart, that's wither'd by Despair,
Shall feel MARIA's worth in deeds like these.

Alas! nor tears, nor tenderness, nor art,
Cou'd save the darling youth, belov'd so well;

Relentless Death prepar'd his two-edg'd dart,
And there the virtuous pride of B* * * K fell!

Say, can the Muse, by feeble Fancy led,
Paint the dear prospect of a Parent's bliss;
The radiant morn, which soft refulgence shed,
And all extinguished, in a night like this?

Ah, no! — In Fancy's eye, a brighter scene
Gleams thro' the horrors of funereal gloom:
See! the bright Spirit, sprightly and serene,
Where youth shall flourish in immortal bloom.

Encircled now by radiant joys Above,
Oh yield him, B * * * K, to the blest decree;
For Heaven alone — for scenes of endless Love —
He left a Father and a Friend like thee.

— One tender plant is still expos'd on earth,
To many a tempest rude, and treach'rous gale;
Thy fost'ring hand must guard its rising worth,
And watch its tender growth in Wisdom's vale.

Bright may its vivid blossoms soon expand —
Reflect the sun, and drink the morning dew;
With richest fragrance fill the conscious land,
And bless the gen'rous soil where first it grew.

## THE FAREWELL.

Oh thou, whose ardent soul aspires
To ev'ry object, bright and new,
'Mid sprightly hopes and gay desires,
Accept AMANDA's last adieu!

When rapt'rous Novelty shall fade,
And ev'ry scene so lov'd and fair,
Oh ne'er let mists of Folly shade
The light that Wisdom borrow'd there.

Full oft in scenes of deep distress
She prints her awful lessons too;
Yet rarely can her power suppress
The anguish of a last adieu!

When foreign climes can yield no more,
And Fancy pines for soft repose,
Perchance a wish may waft thee o'er
Where silver Colne meand'ring flows:

And Colne shall roll his silver wave,
(Of Time's soft course an emblem too);
While Friendship, with'ring in the grave,
May greet thee with a last Adieu!

## AN APOLOGY.

THE AUTHOR BEING ACCUSED OF RUDENESS FOR NEGLECTING A BOW.

PARDON, oh gentle youth, th' unconscious fault,
If heedless MYRA did not as she ought.
In native sense polite, thou cou'dst allow
A passing Nymph the tribute of a bow;
But know the practis'd Beau we're doom'd to meet
In Park tumultuous, or St. James's Street,
With haughty looks the wond'ring nymph surveys,
Nor ere discerns her, tho' he seems to gaze!
With flutt'ring airs, unmov'd, he still proceeds,
And boasts at tavern gay his valiant deeds!—

The prudent nymph, who views him with dismay,
Will now with cautious steps pursue her way;
Her wary eye no dazzling beaux will mark,
Nor yet in country, nor in crowded park;
But tim'rous o'er her path its light is cast,
And calmly guides her to her home at last.
For this, oh angry youth, in evil hour,
A hapless nymph has rais'd thy vengeful pow'r;
Yet sure thy justice will accept her plea—
" Her eyes were guilty, but her heart is free."

## ELVIRA

TO

## CLERIMONT.

SHORT is the fleeting hour when gay delight,
And heartfelt converse wings its rapid flight;
That hour which Hope has mark'd with piercing eye,
Ev'n in the darkness of a clouded sky:
But oh! while Mem'ry shall her pow'r retain,
Think not, O Clerimont, 'twas pass'd in vain.
Where'er I go, my pensive soul to cheer,
Thy voice, illusive, seems to charm my ear!

Those cordial words I hear, which soften'd Grief,
For on thy gentle accents hung Belief:
Thy pleasing form, endow'd with virtues rare,
Gleams in each ling'ring path of silent Care.—
Yes—I have seen thee—kind and gen'rous youth!
Silent and sad, these shades record thy truth:
Each soothing word Remembrance shall redeem,
And guard the object of my just esteem.
Alas! what stormy cloud, with dire dismay,
Chills my faint soul, and darkens all my way?
With death-like gloom conceals thee from my view,
And bids ELVIRA take her last adieu!
—Oh hapless end of Friendship most sincere;
A bleeding heart shall hold thy mem'ry dear.
Whether Misfortune, with compulsive hand,
Leads my sad footsteps to a foreign land,

Far from the realms of Liberty and Truth,
And all the reliques of my foster'd youth;
Or here in paths disconsolate I rove,
A winter's wanderer in the dreary grove;
Where regious Fate my sentence shall decree,
From cities far—from glitt'ring crowds, and thee!
—Tho' keen Adversity her storm shou'd bring,
To rend the plume from Hope's aspiring wing;
Ev'n then—oh then! thy mem'ry sure shall last,
Smooth the rude path, and still the northern blast:
My suff'ring heart a refuge shall create,
And save thy image from the wreck of Fate;
—Tho' rich with fruitless spoils, Oblivion's tide,
In Time's deep gulph shall bury all beside!

## TO A FRIEND,

### WITH AN EMBLEMATICAL PICTURE OF JOY, COPIED FROM A PRINT BY THE AUTHOR.

WHILST here my ling'ring days may humbly end,
May heartfelt Joy thy precious hours attend;
Still may her smiling looks diffuse that ray,
Which brightens thought, and makes our Winter gay:
Never—oh never—may her form depart
Too far, my friend,—but fix her on thy heart!
When each soft stroke shall fade and disappear,
Of that faint image, which I give thee here—

Know, that I wish thee then that solid bliss,
As freely thine, tho' not so frail as this!
And own (if e'er thy mem'ry shou'd recall
Some heedless word, that from my lips might fall)
Say, I aton'd for all my errors past,
And faithful Friendship gave thee Joy at last.

## HOSPITALITY.

ADDRESSED TO A GENTLEMAN OF LIBERAL CHARACTER.

In that dark season of the circling year,
When gath'ring skies and leafless groves appear,
When Nature trembles at the midnight storm,
And sees the howling wind her charms deform,
When all her treasure—all her boundless store,
Her rich luxuriant paintings are no more!
And dismal glooms shall shadow ev'ry place,
Where once she revell'd with superior grace;
In that dark season, mournful and forlorn,
Can Fancy then the dreary waste adorn?—

Ah, no! the treach'rous maid denies her art,
The desolated prospect chills the heart!
Or else to gayer scenes she quickly flies—
Magnificence and Pleasure charm her eyes!
And crowded streets, with dazzling torches shine,
And ev'ry charm, oh London! that is thine!—
But Fancy, know, imperial as thou art,
A nobler pow'r than thine may reach the heart;
In wintry skies may gild the cheerless day,
And chase the intellectual gloom away;
May more than Pleasure, more than crowds present,
Fair smiling Harmony and sweet Content.—
The social Joy, to splendid courts unknown,
Is thine, fair Hospitality, alone!
Thou canst irradiate, with thy soothing ray,
The roof which Art in vain might render gay.
—Hail! ever gracious, ever friendly pow'r!
Parent and Guardian of the social hour;

Long mayst thou here thy gentle part sustain,
And gen'rous MARTIUS shall extend thy reign!—
'Tis his, with grace peculiar, to impart
The glowing fervour of a bounteous heart;
'Tis his, that heartfelt pleasure to inspire,
So vainly oft we seek, yet still admire;
'Tis his, the dignity to pride unknown,
That precious Wit, Goodnature's self may own;
But Nature claims the gentle triumph here,—
The wit that's genuine needs not be severe!
Long mayst thou, MARTIUS, long, serenely blest,
With gratitude inspire the worthy guest;
Long mayst thou live, and ev'ry care forgot,
With her, the soft companion of thy lot;
With her, whose mild complacency and ease,
Might steal the heart of Envy by degrees;
Whose native excellence seems half supprest,
Whilst humble diffidence wou'd hide the rest.

Fain wou'd the Muse, in glowing verse declare,
All that is beauteous, amiable and fair:
Oh! cou'd her feeble lays but match their choice,
Then might she charm the ear, like EMMA's voice;
That voice, Oh sweet MELISSA, join'd with thine,
Might tempt ev'n Science from its mystic shrine;
And teach the sullen misanthrope to know,
That Harmony, indeed, exists below.
—Come not, oh Envy! to a scene like this!
Go, haunt the mansions of ideal bliss—
Where Vanity erects her sumptuous court,
Where Falsehood triumphs,—and where Fools resort;
Fly to the realms of Pageantry and Art,
Where courtly smiles may veil an anxious heart.—

Not such the place, where kindred minds unite,
The mild domestic picture of Delight!
It needs no borrow'd gleams, by Fashion given,
But shines by Truth's pure light—the Light of
Heaven!

## TO A GENTLEMAN,

### WHO DESIRED ME TO WRITE SATIRICAL VERSES ON HIM.

SATIRICAL Verses, I think, 'tis you ask—
I'm frighten'd to think of so arduous a task!
Before this decree I submissively follow,
You must give me the genius and wit of Apollo:
Yourself too, the subject?—why then I've to mention,
You must give me a wonderful stock of invention;
It were not sufficient my lines were harmonious,
Whilst all wou'd agree that the choice was erroneous.

You must give me a proof, (to extinguish all
praise)
That Sense and Good-humour are banished from
H——s.
In short—these said verses—I ne'er can indite
them,
Unless you can give me some reason to write them.

And mild Benevolence, whose fervour still,
Nor Time—nor Treach'ry—nor Distress can chill,
With charms ineffable, thy soul shall cheer,
While bounteous Heaven assigns a shelter here,
Where Loyalty, with Patriot Zeal may blend,
And Virtue, suff'ring Virtue, find a Friend!
That calm respect, no titles can impart,
(The off'ring of a good and gen'rous heart)
Shall save thy laurels from Oblivion's shade,
And deck with brightest verdure—ne'er to fade.

TO THE

# MEMORY OF OXFORD.

A SOLILOQUY.

BENEATH the shelter of a fost'ring shade,
(By Nature form'd for calm Reflection's aid)
Where silver Colne directs his winding way,
And tempts the fervent Angler to his prey,—
A Damsel sat, in pensive thought reclin'd,
And Fancy's soothing dream entranc'd her mind!
A gentle willow o'er the stream was bent,
And lav'd the murm'ring sound its waters sent;

Melodious Birds their simple strains forbear—
(A simpler strain reveal'd the Damsel's care)
And placid twilight now, with smile serene,
Had cast its veil transparent o'er the scene:
" In vain," she cries, " these rural scenes appear,
" And Nature shews each soft attraction here;
" In vain, ye flow'rs, your tender leaves expand,
" And own the glowing touch of Nature's hand!
" The rural nymphs your beauties may pursue,
" And lab'ring Bees may taste their sweetness too!
" Ye desart fields! with verdure cloath'd in vain,
" Save for the harmless tenants of the plain;
" My active soul, now pensive and forlorn,
" Views the gay landscape with a senseless scorn;
" From gayer scenes, alas! MELISSA flies,
" Where moving objects once cou'd charm her
" eyes.—

" Oh Oxford! proud and noble as thou art!
" Thy tow'ring honours still expand my heart.
" That stately scene, which Science shall explore,
" Its charms and wonders I behold no more.
" 'Tis not thy art, oh JERVAIS! I lament,
" Where fertile Genius all its ardour spent,
" Nor sumptuous edifice, nor tow'r sublime,
" Rich with the spoils of Learning and of Time;
" No! 'tis not these my heavy heart deplores!—
" Tho' Knowledge here might open all her stores,
" Her stately form a deeper gloom wou'd cast,
" And frighted Ignorance view her frowns aghast!
" Tho' Arabic its crooked lines display,
" And bearded students line the solemn way,
" Where comely Bards in canvas look severe,
" And stern Philosophers in ranks appear,

" Or pure Devotion warms the painter's heart,
" And stamps its sacred image on the heart;
" Nor Marlb'rough's gems—nor Theatre, designed
" To swell the noblest feelings of the mind!
" Where Youth its gen'rous ardour shall display,
" And Genius glows by Emulation's ray:
" No—'tis not these my conscious soul inspires,
" And moves my fancy on ecstatic wires.
" No!—It was converse, social and serene,
" Inspir'd each movement of th' attractive scene:
" Perchance, 'twas Vanity the place might deck,
" More pleasing far than Friendship's mildest check!
" As glitt'ring snakes in shining ambush lay,
" Where verdure glows and flow'rets blossom gay.

" Oxford adieu!—In Mem'ry's golden hours,
" Oft must she wander to thy halcyon bow'rs,

" Where, silver Charwell, with peculiar pride,
" And slow reluctant grace, thy waters glide!—
" Fair scene of Science, melody and song,
" May Vice and Folly ne'er thy dwellings wrong!
" Rich from thy mine may future Senates rise,
" And gems of worth to charm a nation's eyes!"

## THE GARDEN OF YOUTH.

### A MORAL REFLECTION.

In ev'ry scene—at ev'ry stage—
  In life's eventful way,
The storm of Discord still shall rage,
  And clouds obscure the day.

In Youth's bright Garden, smooth and fair,
  Still Sorrow shews its pow'r;
Love's canker-worm lies lurking there,
  And spoils the blooming flow'r.

What pity! that its leaves shou'd strew
The cold unconscious plain!
And Heaven's own rich ambrosial dew
Shou'd bathe its sweets in vain!
Ev'n there, where festive Pleasure glows,
And decks her mossy seat,
Shall reptiles too invade repose,
And check the slumber sweet.

The sullen Bat of Slander flies,
When night its shade has cast;
And Envy's Caterpillars rise
The promised fruit to blast!

The Magpie, and the rav'nous Crow,
Will ev'ry fence subdue,
And while they kill a meaner foe
Oft prove they're traitors too!

And oft a killing, killing frost,
Shall Disappointment send;
When all is blighted—all is lost,
Till Wisdom finds a friend.

—Fair Industry! 'tis now thy part
The culture to supply;
Kind Heav'n itself will crown thy art,
And send a softer sky.

The storm shall crush each caitiff foe,
Which mocks thy wise endeavour,
And flow'rs of Paradise shall blow
Beyond their reach for ever!

## A PETITION,

From the Ladies of * * * * * * * *,

TO THE COLONEL OF A REGIMENT, ON LEAVING A COUNTRY TOWN, WHERE THEY WERE QUARTERED.

THE Ladies of * * * * * * * *, in sorrowful plight,
Your humble petitioners, warmly unite,
To beg, Mr. Colonel, some pity you'll take,
And once more to * * * * * * * * return for their sake.

If we look at the CROWN,* how our wishes are
crost—
It seems its prerogative quite to have lost;
No mortal appears there, its pow'r to uphold,
But travellers, dusty and grim to behold!
Tho' sometimes a phaeton its aid shall bestow,
Which proudly looks down on the horses below;
Tho' whiskeys, more humble, may sometimes
approach,
And ancient Sobriety sleeps in its coach:
How sad and how dismal appears all the scene!
The hours drag along like a loaded machine.—
Indeed your petitioners see, with despair,
How sober and grave all THESE officers are:
They rejoice they are safe, but alas, it is certain,
There's nothing revives like some innocent flirting;

* The name of a celebrated inn.

And much do I fear, if these heroes remain,
'Tis a cordial they never will taste of again;
They'll be fit then for nothing but spinsters or
wives,
And must travel thro' plain-work the rest of their
lives.

So your humble petitioners beg you'll return,
And think on these points with a serious concern:
They humbly conceive, for contempt of their beauty,
These men shou'd be tried,—as neglect of their
duty;
'Tis easy to prove it, since Conquest their trade is,
And Valour, we know, is a Friend to the Ladies.
What wonders we hear of the Champions of old,
When the Knights were all courteous, and Damsels
were cold!

In the days of ORLANDO, what gallant pursuits!
What fighting and tearing of trees by the roots!—
Those days they are ended—and as for our trees—
We may hang on their branches—whenever we please!
And if ever our griefs to this action shou'd drive us,
We humbly suppose that the beaux wou'd survive us.
Our griefs are now told, as well as we can, sir,
And your humble petitioners wait for your answer.

THE

# FORSAKEN NYMPH.

Oppress'd with care and anxious thought,
From formal scenes retiring,
The silent shades FLIRTILLA sought,
When day was just expiring!
With plaintive accents of dismay,
Her secret cares revealing,
She spoke, while lambs retired from play,
And owls did scream, unfeeling.

RINALDO flies! alas, 'tis true,
Tho' bright as young Apollo,
Where is the Daphne to pursue,
That might not chuse to follow?
For oh! that gay and graceful air,
In truth there's no denying;
Ye hapless birds, alas, beware—
For oh! he'll shoot you flying!

Ye hopeless damsels, take your flight,
Nor think his heart to soften;
As dazzling comets cast their light
He shines, but scarce so often.
O'er hills and dales he skims his way;
Like some false ray, deceiving—
It shines, retires—then dies away,
And leaves us nought but grieving.

Yet know, thou faithless, fickle swain,
With all thy airs so cruel,
No kindling spark can long remain,
If Fate denies it fuel;
And know, exulting as thou art!
While conscious spite conceals thee,
Tho' looks like thine might melt the heart,
An air so cold congeals me!

## TO A LEARNED GENTLEMAN,

### ON HIS POLITELY REFUSING TO SHEW HIS COMPOSITIONS.

A Muse who had roam'd to Parnassus in vain,
No subject for Envy to quarrel!
And Apollo himself had dismiss'd with disdain,
With only one sprig of his laurel.

This Muse, as she took her disconsolate way,
Unadorn'd with a passport to Fame,
Was told where true Genius had kindled a ray,
And humbly she offer'd her claim.

But a wish so presuming must surely surprise!
ORONTES denied it with horror;
But Modesty lent him that graceful disguise,
'Tis only for Genius to borrow.

O'er the radiance of Wit her fair mantle is thrown,
But know, the contrivance is vain!
Tho' her look is conceal'd, yet her air must be known,
And no art can her movements restrain.

She tells me with polish'd and exquisite art,
What politeness indeed may refine—
A grace to refusal 'tis her's to impart,
But still disappointment is mine!

What reason forbids, cou'd the muse but allow,
And ev'n cou'd she deem thee sincere;
Was ever her fame so unwelcome as now,
Or a compliment purchas'd so dear?

## TO MR. G——,

### ON HIS GOING TO LISBON FOR THE RECOVERY OF HIS HEALTH.

### WRITTEN SOME YEARS AGO, AT DELAFORD, IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Go, gentle youth! may Heaven protect thy way,
Where softer gales their balmy sweets convey,
Far from these regions, and the noxious train
Of fogs and mists, in Winter's dark domain:
Its rig'rous pow'r, unmov'd, thy friends may see,
Since now it wastes its frowns, unfelt by thee;

Here may we view its rage the work perform,
Prepare the flood, and raise the ratt'ling storm;
While kinder Fate a refuge shall supply,
And cheer thy prospects with a purer sky!
And oh! (if Fancy may from Fiction steal
An airy form, our wishes to reveal)
Ev'n now, that gentle nymph, so blithe and gay,
Who views this gloomy scene with dire dismay,
May bright Hygeia's self thy seat prepare,
A shelter from the cold and piercing air!
In all her charms, and all her graces deckt,
And gently pardon too thy long neglect.
Oh may'st thou find her, tho' forsook so long—
Thy cares assiduous may repair the wrong.
May watchful angels bless the fond design,
And Make the bashful nymph for ever thine!

TO THE

## MEMORY OF THE SAME.

WHAT lovely form, in fun'ral weeds array'd,
Glides in deep silence thro' the solemn shade?
—Th' inverted anchor, and the drooping wing,
Declares 'tis Hope, and whence her sorrows spring:
—Still may she turn, soft maid, her languid eyes,
And meet her heav'n-born sister in the skies!

Alas! he's gone!—nor Sense, with Taste combin'd,
The gentlest manners, with the firmest mind,
Nor polish'd Eloquence, nor artless Truth,
Cou'd save the virtuous, the lamented youth!

Alas—in vain, to foreign climes remov'd,
From ev'ry fond pursuit and friend he lov'd!
In foreign land—nor friend, nor kindred near,
To drop, conceal'd, the agonizing tear,
Those eyes were clos'd, where sense was wont to shine,
And heav'n-born Truth display'd its beams divine!

Hygeia, cruel maid—whom MYRA's strain,
In falt'ring accents, once invok'd in vain,
Ah! where wast thou?—A stranger, sunk and pale,
He sought thee in the warm and distant gale;
In vain his trembling steps thy haunts explor'd,
The Muses sigh'd, and weeping Love deplor'd!—
Resistless Fate its gentle victim view'd,
(Ev'n to thy blissful shores it still pursued)

With ruthless pow'r it seiz'd EUGENIO's breath,
And chill'd thy breezes "with the blast of Death."

Oh, matchless youth! thy fair and spotless name,
The last sad tribute of the Muse shall claim! —
On Lisbon's rocky shore, forlorn and wild,
Ev'n Wisdom's self shall seek her darling child;
To sacred Truth thy mem'ry shall she trust,
And Virtue's self shall consecrate thy dust!—
But where shall Friendship, hopeless and opprest,
Sooth the keen anguish of her tortur'd breast?
Since—oh the fleeting hour, so quickly pass'd,
Impress'd thy mem'ry on the soul to last,
What thought can reach, what language can define,
The pang, oh Friendship! that's reserved for thine?
In grief profound, methinks thy tender form,
Unheeded wanders thro' the midnight storm;

Or deep transfix'd upon the dreary shore,
It marks the rolling waves tumultuous roar.—
Perchance the parting sigh, that cost so dear,
The last—last sigh, still vibrates on its ear!

Turn, gentle mourner! See, with looks of love,
His Spirit hails thee from the realms above:
With radiant smiles, and charms divinely bright,
Religion calls thee from the scenes of light!
With glance benignant, she dispells the gloom,
And waves her banners o'er the silent tomb.

ON READING SOME EXCELLENT

## SONNETS.

TO THE AUTHOR.

SWEET is thy cadence to the ear of Woe,
As music stealing thro' the gloom of night;
And richly deck'd, thy living pictures glow
With Painting's softest tints and purest light,
In matchless Poesy can thus unite
The rival Arts, with mingling charms divine,
And all their tuneful pow'r, sweet bard, is thine!
Thy pensive lay the captive soul beguiles,
And graces Woe with more than Pleasure's smiles.

Pale Sorrow views her soften'd image there,
And almost loves a form that looks so fair !

Let conscious Vanity her robes admire,
Drest in the plumage of the Peacock gay,
And deck the flow'ry haunts of young Desire,
To hide the fatal snares which cross her way !
With thee, sweet Bard, oh rather let me stray
Where Melancholy, queen of sable night,
With looks enamour'd, marks the moonlight beam
Hang o'er the precipice, with peaceful light,
Or gild the surface of the silver stream.

TO THE

# AUTHOR OF SOME LINES,

WHICH ENCOURAGED ERROR AND DESPONDENCY.

UNTHINKING Muse! Ah, wherefore must thou stray,
Far from each blooming scene, so bright and fair,
To court the silent, dark, and devious way—
The sad recess of comfortless Despair?

No blossoms there their balmy sweets exhale,
Nor healthy plant the pois'nous air defies;
But cold Destruction chills the passing gale—
The ground is fruitless, and the blossom dies.

Scarce shall the wither'd oak, of frantic form,
Afford its shelter to the Owl distress'd;
And scarce, with scanty aid, shall Nature warm
The niggard shelter of the Raven's nest!

Unhospitable all! and cold and drear:
The hopeless eye no gentle ray shall guide;
But gleams of horror chill the soul with fear,
And 'cross the way imperfect phantoms glide.—

Oh, grim Despair! thy frantic look I know,
Thy sable robe is flutt'ring to the wind,

Across thy livid face pale lightnings glow,
And yet—a darker monster lurks behind!

'Tis ATHEISM!—tho' dark and gloomy Pride
Wou'd fain its terrors to his looks impart,
The gorgeous robe his meanness cannot hide,
Nor hide the wound that festers in his heart.

Fair Mercy trembles at a form so dire,
And hides her lovely head—or forms a prayer,
Which bids the monster to his den retire,
And casts a gleam on comfortless Despair.

Back to thy cavern of eternal night,
Fly, hideous Spectre! where no ray can cheer:
Kind Heaven in mercy casts its beaming light,
And bids sweet Hope ev'n spring in desarts here.

## TO A FRIEND,

### IN APOLOGY FOR DECLINING TO SHEW MY VERSES.

When Fancy takes flight
To the realms of Delight,
Or strays, my dear friend, to Elysium's sweet bow'rs;
When Arcadia's soft breeze
In her numbers shall please,
For you will she cull the most exquisite flow'rs.

But when to rude cliffs
Her eye she uplifts,
To mountains or desarts her course she'll pursue!
Though wildly she traces
Such terrible places—
My dear, there's no lodging for Reason and you!

# MELISSA,

OR THE

# YOUTHFUL DISAPPOINTMENT.

(WRITTEN IN THE COUNTRY.)

Now ev'ry hope had yielded to Despair,
And Fancy's golden dream dissolv'd in air;
The sad MELISSA mourn'd her hapless case,
Her fav'rite scheme had ended in disgrace!
A dismal course succeeds of grief and sorrow,
As Shakespeare says, "to-morrow and to-morrow!

"And yet"—she cries, my secret cares I'll speak,
And wear in sad complaints the ling'ring week:
Relentless GRUMIO!—barb'rous and unjust!
Know, I submit alone—because I must:
Know, 'tis to thee my deep distress I owe,
Thy promis'd dance had made my bosom glow;
Ev'n the dear sound my conscious soul inspires,
And eager Hope reluctantly retires.—
Alas! 'tis gone! I see my wretched doom!
'Tis fix'd—this dire impenetrable gloom!
Instead of fiddles, sweet bewitching tone,
The boding Screechowl wounds my ear alone:
The ruthless wind, thro' some tremendous door,
Creeps in, with horrid noise, unmark'd before!
Some watchful cur, perchance, affords its aid,
And swells the horrors of the midnight shade.
My list'ning ear each fearful sound retains;
A deadly chill runs icy thro' my veins.

—Some Ghost, methinks, frequents these dreary walls,
And scares my senses with its doleful calls!
I see—I hear!—It says, or seems to say—
I know not what—then sinks and fades away!
—Or terrors less sublime afford relief:
No spectre comes—but lo! the murd'rous thief;
Around he casts his fierce rapacious eyes—
The desolated scene his search defies!
Enrag'd, with keen vexation and with spite,
He sends me headlong to the shades of night.

Ah GRUMIO! think, thy kind indulgent pow'r,
Had drove these terrors from the midnight hour:
Instead of hollow sounds, increas'd by fear,
A joyous band might charm a damsel's ear;
Anticipated mirth wou'd horror chase,
And sweet contentment triumph in its place:

Where Fancy once a hideous phantom drew,
A dazzling uniform might please my view!
The sprightly dance, the compliment so fine,
The matchless partner, Fancy, had been thine!
And how can thoughts terrific claim a part,
When glowing expectation warms the heart?
But oh! that expectation now is past—
That late fatigue, so charming, was the last!
That broken slumber, which succeeds a Ball,
The dark extinguish'd morn—I know it all.
—What tho' the glass a living phantom gives,
'Tis thus the girl of active genius lives.

Unhappy maid! that here I'm doom'd to stay—
The mournful ev'ning brings no second day:
Two candles prim, their horrid light produce;
Perverted, dismal things—they're set for use!

And useful thoughts—a sullen freezing train,
Your moping Dowagers may preach in vain!—
Some rich romance, in soothing language drest,
Shall sooth the anguish of my soul to rest:
Or fair cosmetic, with its eastern pow'r,
Shall claim the labours of my dreary hour;
While future conquests claim a feeble light,
And formal sleep returns, in league with night.

# AN EPISTLE

FROM

# CLARA TO MELISSA,

OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING.

WHILST ev'ry grove that decks the rural scene,
Re-echoes with the note of tuneful spleen,
And fair MELISSA, languid and opprest,
Sighs with the surfeit of unwelcome rest;
The wretched CLARA—hapless and forlorn,
With diff'rent cares, and sharper grief is torn!
Oh, had I stay'd in some sequester'd spot—
"The world forgetting—by the world forgot:"

Oh, had this form, in vain with jewels deckt,
Been humbly, meanly clad, in apron checkt;
In russet gown, with homely cap array'd,
(Like country maids, who love the rustic shade,)
With clumsy shoes, and handkerchief compleat,
Some village present, comfortably neat!
Far from the dazzling Ball, where torches burn,
And Love and Envy triumph in their turn—
In gentle peace my tortur'd hours had pass'd,
And Wedlock's ring had crown'd my cares at last!

Ah! what avails the bright Circassian bloom,
When hideous Plutus reigns in Cupid's room?
And Venus' self, surrounded by the Loves,
Might humbly feed alone her weary doves!
—Ah me! tho' ev'ry art of female taste,
My gentle friend, this once-lov'd figure grac'd;

Tho' beauteous ringlets o'er my forehead hung,
Light as the flatt'ry on ALCANDER's tongue;
Tho' curious lace, of foreign worth possess'd,
Form'd a rich rampart round my snowy breast;
Tho' Grecian drap'ry, new from Fashion's hand,
The fascinating pow'r of conquest plann'd;
Vain was the batt'ry 'gainst my DAMON's heart—
Vain were the charms of Nature and of Art!
A golden mine was sprung!—No rival force
Cou'd stop the foe, successful in her course.
DORINDA—frightful, wealthy, and obscure,
Seiz'd the dear conquest that I held secure;
With secret—hopeless—with despairing rage,
I saw him fetter'd in her shining cage.—
Oh may he feel the captive's galling chain,
And beat his treach'rous wings for peace in vain!
—He seiz'd her hand, with looks of gay delight,
And ev'ry object vanish'd from my sight!

MELISSA! dost thou mourn thy tranquil lot?
Thou know'st not Mis'ry—Ah thou know'st it not:
Most does it reign where Pleasure plays her part,
And tears the tend'rest fibres of the heart;
While stiff Decorum, like a buckram vest,
Inflames the wound which festers in the breast!—
The sprightly tune that wakes the sportive dance,
The heedless titter—the exulting glance—
'Tis mis'ry all—when Disappointment's dart
To poison turns the current of the heart;
Fair Solitude wou'd then a luxury be,
And ev'n the torments now deplor'd by thee.

Ye crowds, ye Balls! receive my last farewell!
For peace I fly, where gentle Peace may dwell.
In vain for conquest may we seek the ball,
"It comes unlook'd for—if it comes at all!"

Perhaps, my friend, 'tis safest—best—to win
A secret conquest o'er the foe within.
No tumults then our pleasure shall invade,
Nor fears molest us in the rural shade;
And ev'n the matron smile, discreetly kind,
May yield sweet comfort to relieve the mind.
—Some calm pursuit may cheer the wintry eve,
Tho' beaux forsake us, and tho' belles deceive!

## TO C. J. ESQ.

ON RECEIVING A SONG OF HIS COMPOSITION.

While cold Indiff'rence boasts its calm career,
Nor feels one gen'rous pang or tender fear;
But foe to Virtue, Elegance, and Taste,
Shall reign triumphant o'er a desart waste—
Ah, deem not Genius, active and sublime,
Shall bear its blossoms in so cold a clime!
That piercing ray, that animating light,
Which glows refulgent thro' a world of night,
(Which wakes the Muse, in dark Oblivion's gloom,
And bids her varied wreath unfading bloom)

Thro' inmost Nature shall its influence dart,
And that which fires the Fancy warms the heart.
Full many an anxious wish and tender care,
Shall glow, congenial, with its ardour there.
Alas — tho' many a pang 'tis doom'd to own,
And tort'ring doubts, to meaner souls unknown,
A gen'rous pride shall still its pow'rs sustain,
And sooth its anguish, tho' it bleeds in vain!

For thee, oh gentle youth — whoe'er she be,
Whose potent charms inspire the muse and thee,
Accept the wish which MYRA now conveys,
Tho' cold retirement damps her feeble lays—
May kindling Hope thy anxious doubts remove,
And gentle Sympathy thy flame approve;
May artless Truth the conscious heart declare,
And Reason fix thy claim for ever there!

THE

# PETITION OF TRUTH.

ADDRESSED TO A POET.

To the beauteous resort of the Muses and Fame,
A fair and a gentle petitioner came;
Her beautiful ringlets disorderly flow'd,
And a blush on her cheek most indignantly glow'd:
That eye, whose refulgence once all things might cheer,
Was robb'd of its lustre, and dim'd with a tear;
Yet the radiance of Beauty was mingled with Youth,
And her mirror of chrystal declar'd she was Truth!

" Impatient of wrongs, and reduc'd to distress,
" Behold me!" she cries, "I am come for redress:
" I come, the most injur'd, in anguish and grief,
" And the cause of my sorrow must grant me
" relief.
" On Genius and Gratitude both are my claim,
" My hand was the first which disclos'd them to
" Fame!
" Ah, sure then, combin'd, they shou'd grant me
" my due—
" Not hide me in darkness for ever from view!
" Is my form so ungraceful, my air so uncouth,
" That the patron of Beauty shou'd wander from
" Truth?
" And Falshood, that imp, must be cherish'd with
" care,
" While my charms are exhausted with grief and
" despair.

" She's a monster not ev'n his art can adorn,
" Whilst he leaves me to die, in Oblivion forlorn.
" Oh, false and unkind! —canst thou hear me
" complain,
" And gaze on my aspect, which courts thee in
" vain?
" That aspect once charm'd thee, (if words are
" sincere,)
" Thy pleasing encomiums still dwell on the ear;
" With raptures exulting, thy strains have I known,
" And claim'd the sweet numbers, almost as my
" own.
" Oh! hadst thou been faithful! this hand, ev'n
" now,
" Had form'd the gay wreath which encircles thy
" brow.
" But alas, I'm betray'd! O distraction to see!
" By Genius traduc'd, and forsaken by thee!

" When Folly or Dulness shall make the attempt,
" My soul can regard them with silent contempt:
" But know, when a friend shall envenom the
" dart,
" It transfixes my soul, and it pierces my heart;
" And 'tis only the hand which bestow'd the
" offence,
" With gen'rous atonement, can pluck it from
" thence."

## TO THE SAME.

### ON BEING DESIRED TO WRITE AN EPISTLE FROM PETRARCH TO LAURA.

Oh thou, whose flow'ring verse might boast the art,
With true and genuine praise to warm the heart!
Deem not that Flatt'ry shall the Muse inspire,
Or tune to Harmony her feeble lyre!
Perchance her trembling hand might pow'r assume,
To add one flower of praise to Laura's tomb:
But oh! a gentler Muse, whose mournful eye
From frozen hearts might steal a melting sigh,

With grace refin'd, tho' frantic with despair,
Hangs o'er the spot, and guards its treasure there!
Yes, hapless Muse! 'tis thine, the Fates allow,
To twine the wreath which decks thy LAURA's brow:
Its vivid bloom defies the toil of years,
And shines more bright for Pity's balmy tears.
—Oh thou, whose spotless fame no breath shall taint,
Still honour'd shade!—there needs no verse to paint
How fair that form, which lives in PETRARCH's strain,
How pure thy virtue, since he lov'd in vain!

## A PARODY ON "FAIR HEBE."

FAIR Pleasure I sought, as a heartfelt relief,
And flew to each object to soften my grief;
I tried it—but found, when I came to depart,
That something was heavy, and prey'd on my heart.

I flew to my Reason, and begg'd for her aid,
Who paus'd on my case, and each circumstance weigh'd!
Then gravely replied, in return to my pray'r,
This world was a place of affliction and care.

Not hopeless I'm yet of relief to my pain,
To seek for perfection on earth it were vain;
But a sweet little maiden to sooth us was sent,
And I'll seek in the shades for the Damsel Con-
TENT.

TO AN

## ANONYMOUS WRITER

IN THE NEWSPAPER.

No slavish hireling, whose inglorious muse
Spins the dull lay for mean and sordid views,
No grov'ling flatterer, whose deceitful art
Can veil the native feelings of the heart!
No wretch like these, with mercenary pen,
Calls thee, thou poor Defamer, from thy den!
That eye which saw the lib'ral hand bestow,
When humble want confess'd its piercing woe,
The ear which heard such gen'rous warmth ex-
press'd,
Which glow'd benignant in the owner's breast;

These shall confute thy vile malignant strain,
And treat injurious Folly with disdain!—
Malice alone such rhet'ric cou'd produce,
Which shines in rage, in falshood and abuse.
No love of virtue sure such zeal inspir'd,
But hatred and revenge thy bosom fir'd!
To such who dwell, like pois'nous snakes conceal'd,
Oblivion grants their wish—a Coward's shield!—
Virtue is mild—all gentle and serene!
Divine her look, and graceful is her mien;
Her frown has dignity—but when severe,
Even then she shews that Charity is dear:
Insult she knows not, to a mind oppress'd,
Nor wounds the spirit Fortune has depress'd;
Her praise is Honour, in the truest sense—
And ev'n her censure is Benevolence!

## JUVENILE VERSES

### TO A LADY,

### ON WEARING A CAP SHE DISAPPROVED OF.

Dear Madam, your verses, submissive I read,
And own I have nothing in answer to plead:
Your satire's so keen, yet the muse so polite,
It carries conviction that's mix'd with delight;
So delicate still its attacks on each failing,
Where its edge is most felt, is its brightness prevailing.

It is not thro' pity, indeed, to the Beaux,
That I put on the cap you so freely expose;
Such pity, I fear, has been seldom exerted,
Since beaux were deceivers, and caps were perverted.

Nor is it I'm blind—I must frankly avow—
That were a misfortune most terrible now;
With your verses and reasons so well I agree,
In spite of my winkers,* 'tis plain I can see!

After all, my dear Madam, the truth not to smother—
Confession's one thing, and amendment another!
And how can I throw by that cap with disdain,
Which now, I'm convinc'd, was not put on in vain?

* The name bestowed on the cap.

Nay, cou'd I reform, I am now in despair—
The cap were remember'd, in spite of my care;
You've made it remember'd, by liking it not,
And I know but too well 'twill be never forgot!

## TO COLONEL L.

### ON THE SAME SUBJECT,

### IN REPLY TO AN APOLOGY FOR FINDING FAULT WITH THE AUTHOR.

SURE never instruction, design'd for one's use,
So gently ere came, in the shape of excuse!
Truth's never so sure when she raises her batt'ry,
As when she lies hid in the ambush of Flatt'ry;
For Truth, even Truth, may take lessons from Art,
And polish those weapons she sends to the heart.

But Lucius! how cou'dst thou expect her to change
What Nature has form'd, so perverse and so strange?
In war the most skilful commander may shine,
But here, hadst thou conquer'd, the triumph were mine.
Does it lessen my error, or heighten my shame,
If I own I shou'd mend, and continue the same?
This honest confession must bring my own sentence,
A Spinster deserted, and fruitless repentance!

Ah me! in that day when no young men encroach,
And the old, even old, are afraid to approach,
Thy gentle advice shall reflection bestow,
And soften the face it ne'er caus'd me to shew;
And when Scandal, and Friendship, and Cards are resign'd,
I will leave this said Cap for the good of Mankind.

THE

## CONTENTED SPINSTER.

IN REPLY TO A FRIEND WHO WAS DISSATISFIED.

Dear Ma'am your distress
So well you express,
And at once are so doleful and witty,
That you've soften'd my Muse,
And she cannot refuse
Some scanty proportion of pity.

A Spinster like you,
Behold! I am too!

And sixty good years I have reckon'd;
A lover I lost,
My affections engross'd—
I never admitted a second!

Young, handsome and gay,
Fate snatch'd him away,
And forbade me his lot to partake;
I cou'd find no relief,
So I hid all my grief,
And shall die an Old Maid for his sake!

'Tis my glory—my choice!
And I daily rejoice
There's no mortal my steps to controul;
To the young and the gay
An indulgence I pay,
And sickness and grief I console.

I love not to handle
The weapons of scandal—
My converse is harmless, I'm sure;
And all you cou'd see,
Which betrays I am free,
Is a look that's a little demure!

You may think it is strange,
That I wish not to change,
And to wear the desirable fetters;
Those respectable chains,
Which Marriage ordains,
And so gracefully set on our betters.

The truth is, dear Madam,
Those chains—if you had 'em,
Had prov'd but the plague of your life;

And much I'm afraid,
That the peevish Old Maid
Had prov'd but a splenetic Wife.

To finish my letter—
Most surely 'tis better
To go to the grave as we are,
Than be join'd to a mate,
(Oh deplorable state!)
Who privately wishes one there!

## TO A GENTLEMAN,

### WHO PRETENDED TO PITY THE PECULIAR CASE OF AN UNFORTUNATE MAN,

### AND AFTERWARDS BETRAYED HIM.

Oh thou! that cou'd the trembling wretch betray—
A wand'rer, from Distress, in Error's way!
A Wife's distress, and helpless Children's cry—
Induc'd by these a dang'rous path to try.
Thou! that cou'dst meditate thy hateful plan,
And in thy scheme forget thyself a man!
Cou'd see the tears of pure ingenuous shame,
Nor mark the gen'rous source from whence they came;

Deceive a heart, already much oppress'd—
Oh! 'twas a deed that Goodness must detest!
Justice herself the sacrifice abhors,
And hates that Treachery shou'd promote her cause;
Whilst all the Virtues weep around her throne,
And bloody Rigour marks thee for her own!

If e'er Misfortune bids thine eye o'erflow,
That eye which weeps not for another's woe!
If e'er it tempts thee, hopeless and forlorn,
To what prosperity may make thee scorn;
Say—canst thou hope that mercy to obtain,
Which once Affliction ask'd of thee in vain?—
False man! tho' Justice seems thy lov'd decree,
How wou'dst thou tremble shou'd it fall on thee!

## EUDOSIA TO EVANDER.

THY bosom cold to each endearing claim—
Oh thou! that cou'd to Infamy consign
A peaceful heart, which never knew the name,
Till Gratitude and Folly made it thine!

Think not I ask that Justice from thy hand,
Which injuries like mine must make my due;
The heart which views the ruin it has plann'd,
But feebly feels compassion at the view!

For thee I've lost—what worlds can ne'er supply—
The gen'rous pride and confidence of Youth!

Sweet Innocence upbraids my timid eye,
And Conscience flies the piercing glance of
Truth.

In vain my youthful mind was gently fraught
With all paternal tenderness cou'd teach!
With Emulation fir'd—and nobly taught
To love the Excellence it cou'd not reach.

In vain wou'd Precept check the hasty flight,
And bright Example all its force impart—
Precept that wore the language of Delight,
And mixt with sweet Persuasion, gain'd the heart.

In vain Affection—Care—and Thought combin'd
To save the Child of Ruin and Despair!
For Love consum'd the blossoms of my mind,
And Treach'ry blasted all a scene so fair!

Be just, my sorrows! —No—'twas not in vain
That gentle Precept taught each sacred Truth;
For Penitence recalls their pow'r again,
And saves that treasure from my blasted youth.

Oh! injur'd Parent! —hadst thou liv'd to bless,
Say! hadst thou still refus'd a Daughter's claim?
She that had died to save thee from distress,
And she who brought thee to the grave with shame!

No! —To thyself alone severely just,
And form'd by Heaven beneficent and mild,
Trembling and wan, and prostrate in the dust,
Thou hadst not spurn'd thy miserable child!

Say! if cold Death should close this hapless eye,
Which once EVANDER watch'd with tend'rest zeal—
When silence shall that eloquence supply,
Which even a heart of adamant must feel.

Oh! will he then a mournful tear bestow,
When o'er the grave shall rise the mould'ring heap?
—Alas! what friendly tongue shall bid me know,
That ev'n EVANDER has his turn to weep?

When the sad Curfew gives its awful toll,
Say, will its hollow summons make thee start?
Say, will it shake thy agonizing soul,
And its deep sound be echoed in thy heart?

When all the black parade shall slowly move,
Thy harrow'd soul shall join the weeping throng;
One sacred tear shall pay thy debt to Love—
Oh! save thyself, and thus repair the wrong.

ON THE

## DEATH OF Mr. TEMPEST.

Eugenio's dead! and Malice now may own,
A franker, warmer heart, was never known!
A firm unshaken friend—and if a foe,
Still greatly, openly, and nobly so!
He scorn'd the art of hiding what he thought,
Sincere and lib'ral, almost to a fault.
He knew not how his passions to disguise—
In vain 'twas told him men must stoop to rise.
To gain the world, or what he dearest priz'd,
He cou'd not fawn on him his soul despis'd;

And deem'd it infamy a friend to shun,
Tho' poor, neglected, useless, and undone!
Tho' hackney'd in misfortune, never yet
Pain taught him patience, or the world deceit.—
A thousand noble virtues warm'd his breast,
But Gratitude still glow'd, beyond the rest!
That gentle pow'r cou'd ev'n those passions cool,
Which mock'd restraint, and int'rest cou'd not rule.
That gen'rous flame each selfish thought surpast,
And shone with all its splendour to the last!
It conquer'd all—but Heav'n's supreme decree,
And died not, poor EUGENIO!—but with thee!

# AN ALLEGORICAL DIALOGUE.

WRITTEN VERY YOUNG.

SAYS Spirit to Fashion, "You make me a bully,
"To whim and base passion an infamous cully;
"A mere senseless cudgel—for riots a plea,
"And th' exploits of a thief are now laid upon me.

"If a Buck breaks your windows, he cannot tell
"why—
"Oh valour prodigious! and knocks out your eye;
"If you tell an untruth, that's mischievous and
"low,
"And kill a brave man for suspecting 'tis so;

" If you dare a great man and your King to abuse,
" And with scandalous jests your companions
" amuse;
" If you dare a new species of guilt to display—
" The helpless insult, and the friendless betray!
" I still am condemn'd to appear as your plea,
" And the vilest of actions are laid upon me;
" Whilst all that I teach to step out of the throng,
" Who dare to be right, tho' a thousand be wrong,
" Those few are deem'd cowards, the weak slaves
" of conscience,
" And here I'm call'd spleen, superstition, and
" nonsense."

ON SEEING

## A CELEBRATED ACTOR AT BATH,

IN THE CHARACTER OF EDGAR.

NATURE and Art, the other day,
Both most vehemently offended,
Just met each other on their way,
And thus with mutual warmth contended:

"Away!" cried Nature, in a passion,
"Thou that hast thought to be my equal!
"Thy short-liv'd pride, thou child of Fashion,
"Is all but folly in the sequel.

" With all thy boasting—all thy glory—
" And pompous metaphors, so fine,
" What is thy long, elab'rate story,
" To one pathetic glance of mine ?

" Even in my wildest dishabille,
" Without the ornaments of speech,
" There's oft a nameless beauty still,
" Which all thy magic cannot reach ! "

With calm, contemptuous, careless glances,
(Which shew'd that Nature spoke in vain,)
Art heard her out—and now advances,
With cold ineffable disdain : —

" To all this fury, mighty Madam,
" Clear truth's I might oppose in plenty,

" From Reason sure you must have had 'em,
" And one may do, as well as twenty!

" Canst thou so soon then have forgot,
" When EDGAR ev'ry breast inspir'd?
" When ev'ry fancy shar'd his lot,
" When ev'ry heart his virtues fir'd?

" Honour, which kept its steady course,
" And 'spite of Love preserv'd its claim;
" And valiant Truth, which spoke the source,
" The royal source from whence it came!

" When DIMOND play'd the generous part,
" And brought the Hero to our view,
" Was there one cold unfeeling heart,
" That shar'd not then his ardour too?

" Cou'd Reason then, that calm detector,
" Have said 'twas all a vain delusion—
" Even thou indignantly hadst check'd her,
" And frown'd upon her bold intrusion!

" Then join, my triumph to reveal,
" Since for the anguish that I borrow,
" Unbidden sighs shall softly steal,
" And tears shall flow of genuine sorrow."

The Dame a moment stood confus'd,
Then only made them both the greater,
Whilst her own Poet's* words she us'd,
And said, this "Art itself was Nature."

* Shakespeare.

# ELEGY,

## TO THE MEMORY OF A BROTHER,

### WHO FELL IN THE SERVICE OF HIS KING AND COUNTRY.

EACH flatt'ring Hope—each anxious wish is o'er—
No never, HENRY, shall we see thee more!
In conscious Honour—in thy Country's cause—
The busy world is quitted with applause!
Honour, that splendid name, that envy'd breath,
'Tis thine, for ever, in the bed of Death!

But oh! can splendid names one gleam impart,
One gleam of comfort to a Sister's heart?
One that has known thy virtues and thy truth,
The native elegance that grac'd thy youth!
Those tender feelings, silently possess'd,
Those gen'rous sentiments which warm'd thy breast;
The pity, gratitude, and friendly zeal,
Which few of those who feign are form'd to feel.
What matchless candour! noble and sincere!
Not such as faintly speaks thro' servile fear,
Such as the Christian Faith alone inspires,
For him who grants the pardon he requires.
This—this was thine—for ah! I knew thee well,
My conscious heart thy excellence can tell!
This heart which now records each moving scene,
Paints what thou wert—and what thou mightst have been!

How, when thy judgment, polish'd and refin'd,
Had claim'd its empire o'er a yielding mind,
Reflecting Prudence, with a Guardian's care,
Had warn'd thy steps from each inviting snare;
With Heaven's diviner pow'r, had check'd thy course,
And bade thy virtues shine with double force.

But oh! thy doom was seal'd—thy lot was cast—
That sad farewell, oh HENRY! was the last.
How did thy struggling soul its pangs restrain,
And feeble Nature claim her part in vain!
No hard inhuman heart didst thou conceal,
But one most exquisitely form'd to feel;
And whilst thine air a Stoic firmness shew'd,
There all the Son, and all the Brother glow'd!
And many a tender wish and kind farewell,
Thou cou'dst not trust thy trembling lips to tell.

Oh, dearest youth! methought I saw thee, still
Expos'd to toils and cares, and ev'ry ill!—
I saw thee, fir'd by danger, still proceed,
And many a gallant youth around thee bleed,
And many an honour'd vet'ran sink to rest,
But still my fancy spar'd that valued breast.
Fate spar'd thee not—but Heaven's Almighty Pow'r
Must best ordain th' irrevocable hour!
And oft it breaks the tender stalk we prize,
To plant the beauteous blossom in the Skies.

## TO A GENTLEMAN,

### ON HIS TAKING FROM ME A RING, CONTAINING A FRIEND'S HAIR, WITH WHOM THE AUTHOR WENT TO SCHOOL.

If e'er thy heart confess'd the gentle pow'r
Of Friendship, in the sweet domestic hour;
If e'er thy soul remembrance cou'd awake,
To prize some trifle for the giver's sake!
With energy of thought to paint the past,
With fond regrets, and boding fears o'ercast:

Restore, AURELIUS, thy injurious theft!
'Tis all that Friendship has to MYRA left.
This humble Ring no sparkling gems have grac'd,
No costly art, nor elegance of taste:
Oh then permit these eyes with joy to see
What Friendship has enrich'd—but not to thee!
Shou'dst thou, with sullen malice, not thy own,
Be faithless and unjust in this alone,
How wou'd the barb'rous treachery succeed?
"Enrich thee not, and make me poor indeed!"

TO THE AUTHOR OF SOME

## FLATTERING LINES.

FAIN wou'd I court my weary muse,
Some portion of my debt to pay;
Perchance, the candour may excuse,
Which whilom has inspir'd my lay!

Oh thou! for whom fair Fancy's hand
The rosy chaplet shall decree,
For whom those precious flow'rs expand,
Which bloom more faint, perhaps for me!

Lucius! 'tis strange thou shou'dst not please!
Such flatt'ring verses who can bear?
Not she, who trembling, now foresees
The terrors of a rival there.

Then how shall verse my thanks explain?
Since flatt'ry in such lays I view,
I see so much to make me vain—
And much to make me modest too!

TO

## A MISCHIEVOUS LADY.

THE gen'rous mind no subtle vengeance knows,
With peace, with love, with charity it glows:
The mind from enmity, from malice free,
Oh FLAVIA! once it was assign'd to thee!

She who can form her dark insiduous scheme,
And follows Hatred to its dire extreme,
Not thus escapes the arrow of Distrust—
Not thus will teach Suspicion to be just;
For Innocence pursues a gentler way,
Clear and benignant as the light of day!

No sweet resource in keen Resentment finds,
But leaves that luxury to unworthy minds;
Leaves it to Heaven to make its inj'ries known,
Who marks the cause of Virtue as its own!

Inhuman FLAVIA! is thy triumph this,
To close the period of domestic bliss?
Is this thy joy, that anguish shou'd be felt,
Where Peace and Love, and sweet Contentment
dwelt?—
Justice shall tell thee, that injurious breast,
Which wounds another, ne'er itself shall rest;
A thousand pangs shall pierce thee o'er and o'er,
When all the charms of Vengeance are no more:
Then shall thy fancy paint, with keen concern,
The fatal hour which never shall return!
That hour, which had it seen thee, meek and mild,
With conscious Virtue—Angels might have smil'd!

Thine is the guilt, in Error's path to run,
And act a thousand crimes to varnish one!

Leave then, oh false one! leave thy hateful plan;
Let Mercy end what Enmity began.
If cruel Slander seems to wound thy fame,
And injur'd Virtue feels the blush of shame,
Soon shall the genuine current find its course,
It needs no arts—no vengeance to enforce!
In Innocence there dwells a native pow'r,
And Heaven shall give it the triumphant hour:
But Malice is its foe.—The worst defence!
We shine, even victors, at our own expence;
And Purity, which thus its cause shall plead,
Shall find that Justice is but cold indeed!

But oh! if darkness has possess'd thy mind,
And leaves no spark of tenderness behind;

If all that air of softness is deceit,
And no kind feelings in thy bosom beat;
If Nature form'd thee all her gifts to feign,
And gave thee wit and elegance in vain!
Fame may acquit thee, but a blot shall stay,
Not all thy wond'rous art can wash away;
Fame may acquit thee, and thy name restore—
But never wilt thou find Affection more!

AN

## ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

THOU gentle Orb! whose mild benignant light,
Softens the gloomy empire of the Night,
As Mercy decks the face of rigid pow'r!—
Oh thou! that rul'st soft Contemplation's hour,
Soothing each boist'rous passion into rest,
While Nature glimmers by thy spangled vest;
To thee, sweet Moon! has oft the wretch complain'd,
And oft the silent tear has been explain'd.
Forsaken by the world—forbid to die!
On thee Affliction turns its mournful eye;

The heart exhibits all its secret store,
And many a fatal wound is counted o'er,
And many an anxious pang returns again,
And many a soft connexion form'd in vain:
Indulgent Mem'ry yields, with partial care,
A rich luxuriant banquet for Despair!
Thy peaceful, solemn light, even then can charm—
Despair can sooth, and almost Rage disarm.
Each generous feeling seems awak'd by thee,
And the mind springs to nobler objects free!
—No practis'd traitor e'er consults thy ray,
His specious varnish needs the blaze of day;
Thy penetrating light his soul confounds,
Opens her depth, and searches all her wounds:
He seeks in vain the bright delusive dream,
Nor boasts, with secret pride, his glorious scheme;
For sacred Truth asserts her injur'd claim,
And blasts his prospect with eternal shame!

—Thy holy beam, no wretch like this invites,
But suff'ring worth, and hopeless Love delights.
To thee, in some remote and gloomy shade,
The soft effusions of the heart are paid!
Or by some chrystal stream, which gently creeps,
Whilst thy pure image in its bosom sleeps;
Then plaintive Philomel resumes her song—
She sings not for the rude impetuous throng,
She sings not for the gay, the proud to hear,
But softly steals on Contemplation's ear!
The sighing swain whom Care has taught to rove,
Finds in her lay the tender note of Love;
He seeks the shade, with slow and languid pace,
When radiant Phœbus hides his glowing face;
Then he bewails his fate and feeds his pain,
Condemned, perhaps, to love whole years in vain!
Perhaps some thoughtless, or dissembling fair,
Who fann'd his hopes to quench them in despair,

Perhaps some FRIEND, with deep insiduous art,
Obtain'd the treasure of his honest heart!—
How many ills, alas! may Virtue know,
A sad and strange variety of woe!
But he who suff'ring, keeps his conscience pure,
The best may hope, and even the worst endure!
He can enjoy the dark and silent hour,
When conscious Innocence exerts her pow'r!—

Oh sweet Security! thy matchless worth,
Exceeds the transitory joys of Earth;
And he who yields thee for a short-liv'd bliss,
Shall find his error in an hour like this!

## ON A FAVOURITE SQUIRREL.

BY DESIRE OF MISS W-----.

THOU sweetest creature of thy kind,
Complacent, gentle, and refin'd!
How wou'd thy brethren of the wood,
Amaz'd and motionless have stood,
To see thee unconcern'd and free,
As when they hop from tree to tree!
With envy too they might have pin'd,
And ev'n sweet Liberty resign'd;
A Squirrel might have wish'd thy chain,
So soft a slav'ry to obtain:

Where no caprice or humour dwells,
A favourite's happiness excells.
What HARRIET priz'd was surely blest,
For gentle kindness warm'd her breast;
And sure that little life was dear,
Which now she honours with a tear!—
Oh tender Scug! alas, no more
Thy beauties shall be counted o'er;
Thy dext'rous claws no more shall peal
The tempting filbert for thy meal.
Thy comic airs, thy matchless grace,
Thy sprightly turns—thy rapid pace,
No more our wonder shall excite,
And yield us innocent delight.—
The worst of all the insect crew,
The vilest wasp that ever flew,
Perform'd its base malicious part,
And sent its venom to thy heart,

A heart, too harmless and content,
To know what subtle mischief meant:
A heart—oh Muse! which claims thy care,
For Gratitude dwelt even there.

While tyrants unlamented rot,
And mighty fav'rites are forgot,
That precious spark thy name shall save,
And Scug be honour'd in his Grave.

# AN EPISTLE,

## FROM GEORGE BARNWELL TO MILLWOOD.

Thou that didst first my youthful heart betray,
And draw me from my innocence away,
Whose matchless beauty all my senses won,
And by whose cruelty I'm now undone!—
Think not I write t' insult thy keen distress,
A thought so mean, so undeserv'd suppress;
Oh! that I cou'd persuade thee to controul
The fierce and restless passions of thy soul,
Teach thee yet gentle to thyself to be,
And shew that pity, once denied to me!

'Tis ne'er too late, sincerely to repent—
GOD is not man, who never can relent.
Man rarely can forgive—his stubborn heart
From Vice and Prejudice disdains to part;
Man will revive those errors, and display,
Which pitying Heaven has deign'd to blot away!
Not so his Maker!—He our weakness knows.
Tho' mortal man allows us no repose—
Tho' Earth denies us here a resting place,
And Shame and Ruin follows all our race!
Tho' doom'd the worst of deaths to suffer too,
The scorn and mock af an unfeeling crew;
If true Repentance pierce the conscious breast,
Still may we hope the contrite tear is blest!
That mighty Love, which once a Saviour gave,
Shall bury all our sorrows in the grave!
Angels shall watch around the fatal tree,
And even support a wretch—like you or me.—

Oh Mercy, heav'nly fair—Transcendent Love!
Descend, bright Spirit, from the Realms Above!
Soft messenger of Peace, oh come at last,
Come, if thou canst, and cancel all the past!
The past—ah no!—can that forgiveness meet?—
A murder'd uncle groans beneath my feet!
The best of masters I deceiv'd—forsook—
Oh, MILLWOOD! there was poison in thy look!
I thought my heart its folly had subdued,
I felt secure, but when thy face I view'd,
Thy voice I heard—oh where was Reason's sway?
Heav'ns! how my senses were bewitch'd away!
My firm resolves were melted by a tear;
Why did I stay that syren voice to hear?
That artful tale of misery and distress;
Was Barnwell's ruin then thy last redress?—

Was it for Love, a gen'rous love to claim
The sacrifice of Honour, Peace, and Fame?
I shou'd have flown thy fascinating art—
For ever shou'd have torn thee from my heart!
How cou'd I listen to the dire request?
What! Murder—murder him who lov'd me best?
—Oh, Homicide! most dreadful to be thought!
How vainly by his life and maxims taught!
I hear his parting groan—I see him bleed!
I hear him bless the wretch who did the deed!—
"Protect my Nephew"—pardon too, he cried—
"Pardon my Murderer!"—And then he died.
—Oh, injur'd shade! the gen'rous pray'r retract,
It was thy Nephew did the barb'rous act!
It was the man you lov'd—you most caress'd—
Yes—'twas the hand you had so often press'd,
Inspir'd by all the savage host of hell,
'Twas MY accursed hand by which you fell!

Oh cou'dst thou doubt my love, inhuman fair,
A love which led to madness and despair?
Didst thou not see it in my struggling soul,
A love beyond description and controul?
A love that conquer'd ev'ry virtuous tie,
And thou! oh senseless creature! cou'dst deny.
But ah! those doubts thy treach'rous bosom feign'd,
There int'rest, pride, and falshood only reign'd!—
Ev'n in that moment, when my soul was rent,
And dreadful silence spoke the sad event;
Then cou'dst thou mock me, whilst I speechless stood,
And see these hands embrued in kindred blood:
Then cou'dst thou, MILLWOOD, ev'n to death decree
The wretch, whose fatal crime was love of thee!
THOU mightst have spar'd him, tho' a monster grown,
And black with crimes prodigious, like thy own.

In some deep shade, from ev'ry eye secure,
Deep as his anguish, as his guilt obscure,
To heartfelt woes and keen remorse a prey,
Unceasing tears might wash his guilt away.
—Ah! richer blood must wash that horrid stain,
The tears of penitence might flow in vain!—
Whene'er my fancy, with its magic pow'r,
Paints all the terrors of the midnight hour,
My soul congeals! my tears refuse their aid!
There, MILLWOOD! see that venerable shade!—
Thou knew'st him not—that excellence divine;
And what is all thy guilt, compar'd with mine?

Come, ling'ring Justice! here thy stroke shou'd fall!
And thou, false MILLWOOD! I forgive thee all!
Shall keen resentment share my tortur'd soul,
When shame and grief, and anguish claim the whole?

Oh, I forgive thee—perjur'd, false, and fair!
May deep contrition now be all thy care:
Still I implore thee, once sincere to be;
Kneel for thyself at least, if not for me!—
If Heaven can yet find mercy to allow,
Which saw my crimes, and views my anguish now,
Even in that awful hour, when Death appears,
And the soul trembles with tumultuous fears,
For thee a prayer my falt'ring lips shall form,
And who can say what Mercy may perform?

Oh, Pow'r Divine! resplendent as thou art!
Wilt thou not penetrate this bleeding heart?
Oh Thou! whom Heaven, in vain, to man wou'd teach—
Say, have I sinn'd INDEED beyond thy reach?
Oh thou, most Holy—most benignant Guest!
To doubt thee were a sin beyond the rest.—

Redeeming Love! there's music in that name,
Ev'n in the hour of death, of guilt, and shame!
Ev'n in that hour, which Justice shall decree,
That awful hour, my soul shall lean on THEE!

# SIR ELDRED.

## A BALLAD.

ADORN'D with many a pleasing art,
And deck'd with graceful air,
Sir Eldred won each female heart,
And reign'd in triumph there!

With native elegance endow'd,
And eye of matchless pow'r,
He charm'd the gentle and the proud,
And cheer'd the social hour:

But sorrow in his inmost soul
Had fix'd its ebon throne,
Another's grief he cou'd controul,
But ne'er forgot his own.

His treasur'd hope to smiling Art,
To Falshood was consign'd,
It perish'd there, and left his heart
A shatter'd wreck behind!

The world, with dark and doubtful eye,
His conscious soul survey'd,
And view'd a gloomy prospect nigh,
By Fancy deeper made.

And Mem'ry spoke of various wrongs
To blast his early youth,

Of Envy and malignant tongues,
  Which feign'd the zeal of Truth.

But still his bold aspiring thought,
  Of gen'rous deeds cou'd tell,
If kind success the means had wrought,
  For action to excel.

And many a bold and vent'rous flight,
  His ardent mind wou'd soar,
Tho' Hope, alas! with fond delight,
  Adorn'd the scene no more!

Despairing, wretched, and forlorn—
  He view'd the scene aghast,
And turn'd from faithless smiles in scorn,
  To seek repose at last!

Some lonely cot, where Pity's voice
Might ne'er his peace molest,
Nor Friendship blame the savage choice,
Which sooth'd his tortur'd breast.—

'Tis thus the wounded stag retires
To seek some desart spot,
Where Sorrow silently retires,
And Pity finds it not!—

With gloomy joy, Sir ELDRED took
His sad and dismal road,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look
At Pleasure's gay abode.—

A sullen spot, at last he found,
To suit his fancy well,

A forest dark was spread around,
Where savage wolves might dwell:

And rugged mountains wildly rose,
Where frantic Grief might climb,
And see the distant light that glows
At midnight's awful time:

Or view the threat'ning storm afar,
That's fraught for Danger's hour;
Or watch the softer ev'ning star,
That speaks of Mercy's pow'r!

One eve he wander'd o'er the heath,
In tangled paths unknown,
Nor mark'd the tempest's kindled breath,
Nor thunder's fearful groan.

At length, by dire approach of night,
The fading scene withdrew,
And dark Confusion o'er the sight
Her dusky mantle threw.

Sir ELDRED wander'd—wander'd still,
While thunder spoke dismay,
And lightnings quiver'd o'er the hill,
Which form'd his gloomy way:

And grim and hollow voices seem'd
To echo from the wood,
When lo! a friendly taper beam'd,
Where near a shelter stood.

Across he went, with trembling feet
Sir ELDRED mark'd its ray,

And soon he saw the calm retreat,
Where dwelt a Hermit grey.

" Approach, my Son," the aged sire,
With gentle words address'd,
And kindly by a cheerful fire
Receiv'd his hapless guest.

But Mis'ry on his pallid face,
The Hermit's eye cou'd view,
And Wisdom, which its pow'r cou'd trace,
Discern'd the medicine too !

" Ah, think not on thy heart alone
" That Sorrow's pow'r has dwelt,
" For deeper anguish have I known
" Than surely thine has felt !

" In early youth, the tend'rest love
" My ardent soul possess'd,
" And all that excellence can prove
" Adorn'd my EMMA's breast:

" And smiling friends and blooming youth,
" Enrich'd our humble store;
" We plighted an eternal truth,
" To part—and meet no more!

" For Duty call'd me from the spot,
" The pride of martial fame!
" In vain, alas!—A captive's lot
" Enroll'd my wretched name!

" And many a sad and dreary hour,
" And many a month I pass'd;

" Sweet Freedom then restor'd its pow'r,
" And Hope reviv'd at last.

" With joy, with rapture—with despair,
" My native land I 'spy'd ;
" But oh! in vain, I wander'd there
" To seek my promis'd bride.

" No soothing vestige now was left,
" Where once my treasure lay ;
" Of parents—friends, my love bereft,
" Had wander'd far away!

" Distracted, fugitive, forlorn,
" My dismal course I took,
" Even silent Ev'ning seem'd to mourn,
" And wear Compassion's look.

" A sacred refuge for the dead
" For shelter sad I chose,
" And wish'd the dreary hours were fled,
" To bring my last repose.

" O'er a cold stone the moon-light ray,
" With feeble lustre came;
" Can words—faint words, my grief display,
" To see my EMMA's name?

" Ah spare me!—spare me, gentle youth—
" Tho' years are gone and past;
" 'Twas only pure immortal Truth
" Which calm'd my soul at last!

" Retiring from the dreadful scene,
" And torn with hopeless grief,

" I sought Religion's pow'r serene,
" And found the blest relief.

" And oft, when rising from the storm,
" The skies are bright and fair,
" Methinks I view my EMMA's form,
" Which tells me bliss is there !

" Calm is my hope in midnight hour,
" But softer rest I know,
" When Heaven allows my feeble pow'r
" To sooth the breast of Woe.

" For thee, my Son, in Virtue's cause
" Exert thy gen'rous pow'rs;
" To Youth she gives her active laws—
" To Age her peaceful hours.

" Even Nature's aspect to the eye
" To noblest Truths may lead,
" The blackest storm yet clears the sky,
" And brighter days succeed!"

From ELDRED's eye the trembling tear
Of kind emotion fell—
He thank'd the Sage, with heart sincere,
And bade a kind farewell.

Fair Sympathy, with gentle mien,
From Sorrow's empire stole—
Grateful he saw the sky serene,
And Hope refresh'd his soul.

THE

# OWL AND THE MAGPIES.

A FABLE.

THE charms of Wisdom and of Truth,
But rarely warm the breast of Youth;
Yet, sometimes from unlook'd-for things,
Conviction with her ardour springs,
And strikes a beam throughout the soul,
Which Folly dares not to controul.

An Owl there was, of homely mien,
Who rarely in the world was seen,

And deep in barn pursued her labours,
Regardless of her joyful neighbours.
The sprightly Magpie and the Jay,
Who hopp'd about the live-long day,
And oft the glassy stream wou'd seek,
To see their feathers, fair and sleek,
With airs of triumph and disdain,
(As magpies will be pert and vain)
Wou'd sometimes chatter, aye! and peep—
And wake poor Marg'ry from her sleep:
With wond'rous art, and conscious pride,
They got a troop of birds beside;
And even wou'd sing their vile lampoon
To ev'ry harsh and vulgar tune!
With patience calm she bore their malice,
And priz'd her barn, as 'twere a palace!
—At length, a dreadful host of foes,
No art of magpie cou'd oppose,

By strange mishap, their force collected,
And here their horrid flight directed.—
The Hawk—and ev'n the Eagle too,
Supplied with talons to subdue,
And beaks of most alarming force,
(Sailing tremendous in their course)
Were seen—with Kite and Vulture rare,
To darken all the conscious air.—
Th' approaching ill a terror spread,
Enough to strike the magpies dead:
Their hov'ring plumes, and looks aghast,
Declar'd the vengeance come at last!
What cou'd they do? or where retreat?
So fierce a foe they cou'd not meet:
Ev'n tho' they found a shelt'ring spot,
Still might they famish, quite forgot!
And ruin ev'ry where wou'd find 'em,
'Twas here, and there—before, behind 'em!—

Compassion for their hapless plight,
Now brought the gen'rous Owl in sight:
" Fear not," she cried, " I don't dissemble—
" Behold my barn, and there assemble;
" There safe, and guarded from the foe,
" The use of wisdom may you know:
" The hoarded grain I sav'd by art,
" Is yours, my friends, with all my heart!
" Till safer times 'twill ease your trouble,
" And prudent care may make it double.
" But now, I hope, you'll make excuses,
" And own that Owls have still their uses!"
How aukwardly the culprits star'd,
No skilful muse has yet declar'd,—
Superior dignity belongs
To those who dare to pardon wrongs!—
While praise attends the Owl's endeavour,
The Magpies now are dumb for ever!

# THE MERCHANT.

A BALLAD.

Oh thou I lov'd, when wealth possessing !
Now lost beneath the raging sea—
In humble poverty, distressing,
I bid a last farewell to thee !

My gentlest hope for ever vanish'd,
My lovely Maid, I leave thee free !
Nor think a wretch, forlorn and banish'd,
Wou'd bring his miseries on thee.

If e'er the mournful news shou'd meet thee,
That Death my wish'd-for lot may be,
Let but one tear—I now intreat thee—
One precious tear be shed for me!

ANSWER.

And dost thou think I'll ever leave thee,
Since dismal now thy lot may be?—
The heart that never wou'd deceive me,
That heart is ever priz'd by me!

If banish'd to some lowly dwelling,
Which Pomp and Wealth may never see,
A thousand charms I'd find excelling,
Enrich'd by virtuous Love and thee!

And whilst thy noble heart was striving,
Each comfort to obtain for me,

With rival cares, I'd be contriving
To deck the passing hours for thee!

Not Winter, with his tempest howling,
Tho' keen his bitter frost may be!
Nor wolves, in dreary forest growling,
Shou'd make, my love, a change in me!

But oh! in sickness shou'dst thou languish,
And Death, alas! thy lot shou'd be—
I'd hide my bitter—bitter anguish,
Even then, my love, to comfort thee!

TO THE MEMORY OF

## THE REV. WILLIAM JONES,

OF OCKHAM.

WHILST fond Affection prompts the ardent tear,
And faithful Friendship mourns o'er JONES's bier,
Fain wou'd the Muse her humble lays impart—
Cold from the head, but fervent from the heart:
For many an hour, alas! by Fancy trac'd,
By Sense and Worth, and social Kindness grac'd,
Of pleasing Converse, and of calm Delight,
Now takes—for ever takes its dismal flight!

—Where once he came, by gentle Kindness led,
Now is he number'd with the silent Dead!
Yet just Remembrance still shall mark the spot,
Too much distinguish'd to be soon forgot!
Ev'n when Devotion takes its solemn way,
And pays its homage on the hallow'd day,
" One human tear shall drop, and be forgiven,"
Whilst Patience humbly yields a Friend to Heaven.

Tho' Time full many a day its course has kept,
And she who writes, her own sad woes has wept,
Still JONES's mem'ry, to his Widow's heart
A precious tender sadness shall impart;
His virtues still shall claim its fondest care,
And dwell, with deeper tints, unfading there!

## TO MY SISTER P-----,

### ON HER BIRTH-DAY,

### WITH THE PRINT OF A FEMALE FIGURE, SUPPORTING A YOUNG LAMB.

Of fair Benevolence divine
An humble emblem see!
This day, which Heaven allows to shine,
I send the gift to thee.
—'Tis thine to copy—and improve
This artless image of benignant Love!

# ELLINOR.

## A BALLAD.

While the wind it blew cold on her desolate breast,
On a bank the poor Ellinor laid,
And the clouds which roll'd black, to a heart so oppress,
No tumults of terror convey'd!

Blow, Tempest! she cry'd—tho' tremendous thou art,
No more will this bosom repine,
For the treach'ry that cleaves to my sorrowful heart
Has a breath that is sharper than thine!

The moon-beam that trembles, and breaks thro' the sky,
Seems kindly to pity my grief;
But far from Compassion my sorrows wou'd fly,
For it never can bring them relief!

What smile can it bring me so tender, so kind,
As that which my confidence won?—
Nor e'er would I grieve the compassionate mind,
To tell them my hopes are undone.
'Twould heighten my anguish—my pangs, to complain—
The name I have lov'd to combine
With all that is false, and deceitful and vain—
What comfort, alas! wou'd be mine?

No anger—no vengeance—a name shall expose,
That was once to my fancy so dear,

When Heaven in Mercy shall grant me repose,
He may find me insensible here!

Nor now do I envy the child of Deceit,
Though my credulous truth he despise;
Yet dark is the shadow his fancy shall meet,
When he hears that his ELLINOR dies!—

I wish not a sorrow that's keen and severe,
But such as Repentance may be,
For the pardon I grant him, I feel is sincere—
And Heaven will grant it to me!

Blow Tempest, she cried, tho' tremendous you rave,
My bosom the whirlwind can bear,
For green is the verdure that grows on my grave,
And I know that a shelter is there.

## THE WANDERER.

### A SENTIMENTAL BALLAD.

With heavy clouds roll'd on the night,
And all was hush'd and still!
When lost Lavinia took her flight,
And climb'd the neighb'ring hill.

Unheeded was the dreary gloom,
For Love and deep despair
Had seized her heart—nor left it room
For fears to harbour there.—

" Oh sable night!" she sadly cried,
" Methinks, thy shades I see
" All ready, like the grave, to hide
" My silent griefs and me!

" The breeze which faintly murmurs round,
" My Dirge may whisper here!
" Tho' Pity ne'er shall hear the sound,
" Nor drop her angel tear.

" No feign'd regrets these eyes shall see,
" No flattery sooth my breast;
" Cold Death my partner soon shall be,
" And give my sorrows rest!"

Pale from the thicket from afar,
There shone a glimm'ring light,

Which seem'd, like some benignant star,
To set the Wand'rer right.

Whilst one faint spark of Nature burns,
For safety still we sigh;
And even exhausted Sorrow turns
Its meek and thankful eye!

Lavinia, with a falt'ring prayer,
Beheld the beaming spot,
And soon she reach'd, with trembling care,
A lonely, wretched cot!

A wretched cot, indeed, was this,
And spoke the inmate poor,
And lordly grandeur well might miss
The shatter'd, humble door.

Admittance was it bound to yield—
One touch—it open flew!
And scarce a tatter'd couch conceal'd
A wretched form from view.

'Twas feeble Age, by Sickness bow'd,
Yet patient and serene;
The gay—the heedless—and the proud
Might even respect the scene.

Tho' Misery on the broken wall
Had wrote her history clear,
A heav'nly ray embellish'd all—
For Virtue languish'd here!

'And wherefore—Oh, my wand'ring child—
'And wherefore art thou come?

'Thy look with misery, sure, is wild,
'And asks a friendly home!

'Oh! cou'd I prove a fost'ring friend!
'But Heaven ordains it right—
'And even this homely cot may give
'A shelter for the night.

'Some fragments too may still be found,
'Tho' poor, alas! they be—
'Tis better, still, than earth's cold ground,
'Tho' sure unfit for thee!'

The feelings of a grateful heart
In vain for utt'rance seek,
And silent tears and sobs impart,
What Nature cannot speak!

LAVINIA! 'twas a precious hour!
Thy anguish to console;
And oh, let soft Compassion's power
Revive thy fainting soul!

"Oh dearest—kindest—gentlest Dame!
(With broken words she said)
"Grant me—oh grant a Daughter's claim
"To share thy humble shed!

"With filial, fond domestic care,
"My youthful hours I'll give—
"Thy counsel sweet, thy pious pray'r,
"May teach a wretch to live.

"And blest shall prove my toilsome hour,
"And light shall be my lot,

" If aught in poor LAVINIA's pow'r
" Can cheer thy dismal cot,"

A smile benignant o'er the face
Of faded sickness play'd—
' And canst thou in this mournful place
' Devote thy friendly aid ?

' And canst thou seek declining Age,
' Which feels neglect severe ?
' And ev'n the restless pang assuage,
' When Death shall hover near ?

' Then oh, a soothing angel dwell !
" I take thy offers free ;
' And Heav'n, my child, which loves thee well,
' Will guard thy steps and thee !'

## EPITAPH

ON

## THE REV. WILLIAM JACKSON.

Spirit benign! accept a long adieu!
The Muse of Harmony laments thee too:
Inly she mourns, and o'er her downy wings
The sable robe of gloomy Sorrow flings.—
Oh, awful Christchurch! while the Muse shall shed
Her silver beams o'er thy majestic head,
In Mem'ry's eye, for ever priz'd and dear,
The placid form of Jackson shall appear!

Still mild and courteous, gentle and serene,
His soothing Friendship shall enrich the scene.
When sacred Duty claim'd his noblest pow'rs,
He gave to Heaven (as due) those solemn hours;
And pure Religion, in its blest abode,
Inspir'd his look, and in his accents glow'd.
The poor, the old—the feeble and distress'd,
May say, if Charity inspir'd his breast:
To grace his mem'ry shall their tears be giv'n,
Whilst Hope, enlighten'd, lifts its eye to Heav'n.

ON THE DEATH OF

## CAPTAIN GEORGE YOUNG,

OF MILE-END GREEN.

MAY, 1803.

OH, worthy Friend! to Truth, to Kindred dear!
From fair Respect thy mem'ry claims a tear;
While solemn Fancy, with her soothing pow'r,
Selects a treasure from thy dying hour.—
How blest is he, who thus, when Life is past,
Finds in Eternity his home at last!

Where waves tumultuous never more shall rise,
Nor tempests reach his harbour in the skies!—
From those bright Realms of Happiness Above,
There shines a gleam to sooth ev'n widow'd Love:
To cheer the filial heart, which droops opprest,
And bid fraternal Sorrow gently rest;
For oh! like Ev'ning's mildest, gentlest ray,
His virtuous spirit glided soft away!
And Death's dark shade, illum'd with comfort, stole
With meek acceptance on his conscious soul.—
Its gloomy vale, resign'd, the Christian trod,
To meet in Heaven his SAVIOUR and his GOD.

## ENIGMA.

Immur'd in walls of wond'rous strength,
Which scarcely yield to Time at length,
A glorious empire firm I hold,
Of value far more rich than gold!
And yet, tho' born to rule the rest,
Oft by my subjects I'm opprest;
And when some rebel makes intrusion,
I'm still the first to feel confusion.
I'm sometimes bold—and yet so tender,
Ev'n to a blow I oft surrender!
For weapons sharp I dread th' occasion,
And most my terror is Invasion.

Great as I am, which all must own,
Still Industry must share my throne;
And, strange to tell—my constant labours
Are needful to support my neighbours.
Philosophers have highly plac'd me,
Yet sometimes have their works disgrac'd me.
Whene'er to Indolence I yield,
Some foe is sure to take the field.
What care and dignity I claim—
Go ask of Virtue, and of Fame!

ANOTHER.

Strange are my pow'rs—tho' such my mien,
In calm retreats I'm chiefly seen;
Priz'd am I much in each profession,
And still the first to take possession:
Sometimes I help the kitten's sports,
And sometimes make a dash in courts.

My touch (a wonder I unfold)
Has turn'd the meanest scraps to gold!
And ev'n a terror can impart,
To daunt the bravest soldier's heart.
A weapon fierce I sometimes prove,
And sometimes speed the darts of Love.
When guided by the good and wise,
To noblest eminence I rise.
There's nothing—this I'd have you know—
Can soar so high, or sink so low.
I'm priz'd and valued in the schools—
A trifle, when I dwell with fools;
And worse, when subtle knaves employ me,
'Twere then a virtue to destroy me!
For ev'n when mended, I confess,
'Tis sometimes only to transgress.—
Reader, I'm your's—you'll soon descry me,
But twice reflect before you try me.

ANOTHER.

By Science form'd—by Heaven design'd
To sooth the troubles of mankind,
Where Wisdom dwells, with air serene,
Our sober aspect may be seen:
Tho' Ignorance shuns, and Youth may scorn us,
We want no jewels to adorn us;
Like Truth, a brighter beam attends us,
Than all the pomp of Grandeur lends us.
The silent, solitary room,
We cheer, with all its dismal gloom!
With gen'rous care we sooth the lot,
Whether in palace or in cot;
And clear the dark and devious way,
Where blund'ring mortals oft wou'd stray.
The mists of Error fly before us,
And Truth does all things—but adore us!

Yet, mild and friendly as we are,
We're held as bugbears by the fair;
Like Gorgons head, when Beauty spies us,
Oft with impetuous speed it flies us.

—Stop, stop rash Maid! for Time as swift,
Shall shew the value of the gift.
When tears shall dim those radiant eyes,
And Ev'ning veils these Summer skies,
Ah know! when darker days succeed,
Our friendship shall be priz'd indeed!

ANOTHER.

Safe in my care the brightest Nymph may rest,
Immur'd in walls, no Beau shall dare molest;

Check'd tho' he be, concern her fate shall move,
Kinder than Friendship, and more pure than
Love.
No visitor on earth, that man can see,
E'er taught, instructed, or reclaim'd like me!
Strange, what I spoil, is oft what most I mend—
Stern as a foe, but faithful as a friend.

## ON THE BIRTH-DAY

### OF A VALUED FRIEND.

### DECEMBER 28, 1801.

WHEN pious Gratitude recounts its store,
From Sorrow's gloom and dark Deception free,
With meek submission, humbly to adore,
Oh gentle CLARA, will I think on thee!
Thy courteous image, now methinks I see,
Cheerful as Goodness—gentle and serene,
It claims no preference, yet adorns the scene!—
'Tis form'd each ruthless passion to reprove,
And suits the season of celestial Love.

## LINES

### ON A PATRIOTIC SONG BY LADY TUITE.

No more let haughty Gallia boast,
(Surrounded by a num'rous host),
With triumph to invade our coast,
And Britons to subdue!

We know that Persia's num'rous band
A few brave Grecks cou'd once withstand,
And Fame, ev'n now, reveres the land
Where once their laurels grew.

To Heaven Britannia trusts her might,
And while her Daughters nobly write,
More nobly still her sons may fight—
May fight—and conquer too!

## A BALLAD.

" Oh tempt me not! kind sir, I pray,
" To that my sorrows must deny!
" 'Tis fit I take my lonely way—
" 'Tis fit a Penitent shou'd die!"

' Oh lovely Maid! the night will come,
' And loud the tempest soon may be:
' My cottage nigh supplies a home
' To shelter all thy woes—and thee.'

" Alas! I never more must dare
" Confide in man," the wand'rer said—
" There is a bank of thistles there
" Must prove a pillow for my head.

" The whirlwind rushing o'er the plain,
" Now suits my heartfelt sorrows best.
" But still—there glimmers in my brain—
" A thought—that LAURA once was blest!

" A parent once, with tend'rest care,
" Would scarce the gentlest winds allow;
" That time is past—and storms severe,
" And lodging cold becomes me now!"

' Farewell! poor Damsel! since we part,
' And ev'ry hope I must resign;
' The grief which thus has chill'd thy heart,
' I fear too much has soften'd mine!

## EPITAPH.

How poor is Grandeur, and how vain is Power,
When awful Death invades the dismal hour!
The Miser's key must then resign its trust,
And Pleasure's garland withers in the dust!
But Evergreens there are, of lasting bloom,
Which ev'n shall grace the dark funereal gloom:
Ev'n round the silent tomb they glow divine,
And T********, their shade shall honour thine.
There gentle Charity shall rear her balm,
Beneath Devotion's ever-sacred palm;

And Friendship too, shall plant her myrtles sweet,
Which yield their fragrance in the calm retreat.
No verse there needs—the artless rustic's tear
May say, he once was friendly—once sincere!
And whilst he bow'd beneath Affliction's rod,
He priz'd his SAVIOUR, and ador'd his GOD.

## TO CLODIUS.

" WORTH makes the man," as Pope has said,
And all things else must quickly fade.
The mind neglected, or disgrac'd,
Will soon become a desart waste,
And weeds and briars will take their root,
Where fair and useful plants might shoot;
Even Adders—Serpents there may dwell,
And turn the fairest spot to Hell.
Then oh beware!—In early youth
Accept the gentle cares of Truth!
Pleasure—or Vanity—or Art,
May make pretensions to the heart,

And Indolence, in rosy bow'rs,
May claim thy fleeting precious hours;
But oh! the draught her hand conveys
May prove a poison all thy days!
Regardless of the pow'r of Time,
Thy mind may wither in its prime;
Thy faculties, so bright and gay,
Which Heaven bestow'd, may shrink away;
At least, full many a toilsome hour
Must bring them to their native pow'r.
Then oh! their energy employ,
And leave the future—to enjoy!
A future, glorious and divine,
Beyond these regions, may be thine!
And know, the precious culture given
May bring their fruits to bloom in Heaven.

# THE COTTAGER.

## A BALLAD.

" WHERE is my Son?—he's lost at last—
(A frantic mother cries)
" That dang'rous wood he never pass'd—
" I fear my HENRY dies.

" The thunder roars—the lightning's glare!
" Ah who can—who can tell—
" But Heaven, perhaps, has heard his pray'r,
" And sooth'd his last farewell?"

Swift from the cot, a beauteous maid
In all the tempest flew,
Nor e'er one timid fear dismay'd
A heart so firm and true!

And swiftly o'er the dreary waste,
Which clear the lightning shew'd,
And o'er the narrow plank in haste,
She took her fearless road:

Nor stopp'd she for the rugged hill,
Nor mark'd the irksome briar,
For sharper were the terrors still
Affection did inspire!

An eager look around she threw—
Ah me!—a groan she heard!

The voice, alas, too well she knew—
Poor HENRY's form appear'd!

Fainting and cold—for Death was near—
His languid figure lay:
Those that can find Compassion's tear
Shou'd first to ANNA pay.

"Awake," she cries, "thy true love calls—
"The wretched ANNA see!
"Ah, shou'dst thou die, the tear that falls
"Will ne'er be view'd by me!"

With fervent haste, and Heav'n her guide,
The neighb'ring spring she sought,
And trembling, to his lips applied
The cordial draught she brought;

And Mercy bless'd its gentle pow'r,
With pulse of life renew'd;
And on his cheek the faded flow'r
Enraptur'd ANNA view'd!

"Oh, joyful sight! my love is sav'd!
"Kind Heaven accept my praise!
"This mercy on my soul engrav'd
"Shall gild my future days."

'Fair ANNA! 'tis thy form I know!
'Thy voice again I hear!
'A ruffian dealt the fatal blow,
'And bade me perish here!

'But Mercy sent an Angel too,
'I feel this blessed hour;

'Oh, cou'd an anxious Mother's view
'Complete its sov'reign pow'r!'

Sweet was the cordial, dear embrace!
Ah! what can wealth bestow?
Ah, what can pomp, can fancy trace,
So like to Heaven below?

Tho' still a feeble course they kept,
The lovers found their way,
And oft with joy fair ANNA wept,
But still the walk was gay.

And oh! at last the ruddy morn
Had streak'd the golden sky;
They reach'd the mother's cot forlorn,
They met her sparkling eye.

His cherish'd laurels with'ring there,
Which Hope once planted bright and fair !—
Oh! cou'd he view the pangs of strife,
The Mis'ries which envenom life,
The pallid hue of dire Disease,
When pomp and riches fail to please,
And Friendship, with its softest care,
Can scarcely find a welcome there.
—Oh, were the sad misfortunes known,
Which ev'n in palaces may groan—
The fire which burns the maniac's brain,
The silent tear that flows in vain !
And Heaven's own wisdom shall explain :
Then wou'd the tasteless hour of rest
Be precious to the conscious breast ;
And Gratitude wou'd deck the scene
With fair Content's bright Evergreen !

## EPITAPH.

FAIR Excellence! lamented, lov'd, rever'd—
By ev'ry claim and ev'ry wish endear'd!
O'er thy dear mem'ry Fancy's pow'r shall dwell.
Thy cares maternal, and thy fond farewell,
Thy pious counsel, thy example bright,
Thy pleasing form and smiles of soft delight,
Thy melting kindness for the child of woe—
Still in the conscious heart their charm shall glow.
—Oh, rich Inheritance!—Oh more than fame!
Than wealth or titles—are thy virtues claim.
To see a Mother's praise unfading bloom,
And Hope Immortal flourish on her tomb!

# AN EPISTLE

FROM

# LORENZO TO ALTAMONT.

Oh! speak not, Altamont! thy treach'rous pow'rs
Must never more beguile my precious hours!
In vain the goblet flows—the smiling fair
With festive roses decks her silken hair;
While Mirth and Pleasure forms the sprightly jest,
And Wit wou'd prove 'tis wisdom to be blest.—
Oh, speak not—sooth not!—ev'ry art resign—
A voice I've heard, more potent far than thine;

A voice whose majesty might please the ear
Of madd'ning Passion, in its wild career:
A scene I've view'd, ev'n thou might'st view aghast,
And own thy fondest hopes must fade at last.—
Oh, could my feeble voice but once prevail,
I'd tell thy harrow'd soul a wond'rous tale!
To damp thy projects, daring as thou art!
And freeze the warmest wish that's near thy heart.
—Think not I grieve, with endless cares oppress,
For her I lov'd, when passion fir'd my breast;
Long did I seek her, vanish'd from my sight,
With sick'ning hope in vain I trac'd her flight.
Well dost thou know, impatient of controul,
How fits of gloom and frenzy seiz'd my soul!
O'er rugged rocks, where Hermits scarce wou'd tread,
The wildness of despair has form'd my bed.

Nor forest have I shunn'd, nor vale obscure—
For calm repose 'twas madness to endure!
In dreary shades, impervious ev'n to morn,
I wander'd, like some vagrant wretch forlorn,
Who lost to ev'ry joy, whilst woes increase,
Seeks but some lone retreat to die in peace.
—Amid the gleams which pensive moonlight gave,
I view'd, methought, the entrance of a cave!
A ruffian crew might here their orgies hold,
With murd'rous plan—but Mis'ry can be bold;
Its frantic enterprize affords relief,
And toils and dangers are the sport of grief.—
Dim and obscure, with scarce a glimm'ring ray,
Thro' subterranean vaults I sought my way.
A damp malignant air, with death-like chill,
(Whilst life's pale lamp but faintly glimmer'd still)
Struck to my heart—and oft a hollow sound,
Of dreadful import, seem'd to echo round!

And shadowy forms, which Fancy seiz'd aghast,
Thro' winding cells, in fun'ral order pass'd.
My soul recoil'd.—But stronger than Dismay,
A Pow'r Superior seem'd to guide my way.
Blest was that hour! for now a gentle light,
Like op'ning day-light, beam'd upon my sight,
And shone around me, with celestial force,
As throbbing Hope pursued its ardent course.
Far as the eye cou'd see, yet bright and clear,
(As rays of Glory bade its form appear)
I view'd a Cross: methought, sublime it stood,
Of noble structure, tho' 'twas bath'd in blood!—
Low in the dust, absorb'd in fervent pray'r,
(Adoring Him, who once was Victim there)
A prostrate figure—contrite, meek, depress'd,
While rugged sackcloth cloath'd her tender breast,
Breath'd the mild off'ring of an humble mind,
And sought the shelter pious faith shall find.—

As nearer still, with cautious steps I drew,
The long lost MAGDALENA struck my view!
No more the gay—to Love, to Pleasure dear—
The pale, the conscious penitent was here.
I mark'd the sacred tear in silence fall,
Which yields to Heaven the heart—the world—
and all!
I mark'd the timid eye with rapture shine,
Tho' dim with tears—the dews of Grace Divine;
Nor dar'd I with unhallow'd steps molest
The treasur'd off'ring of a Saint at rest.
Thou know'st my heart—but oh! a secret awe,
Like Heaven's own mandate, bade my feet with-
draw:
My trembling heart pronounc'd its last farewell,
Nor dar'd one wish—one guilty thought rebel!—
"Oh, MAGDALENA! safe, rever'd, and free,
Remain, sweet love! and breathe one pray'r for me.

Rest, gentle Saint! be ev'ry fault forgiven,
And thy calm spirit meet its Lord in Heaven;
Whilst Life's alluring dream with me is o'er,
And Pleasure's smile shall tempt my youth no more."

For thee, oh ALTAMONT! if Friendship's voice
In early youth was e'er thy virtuous choice,
Ere syren Pleasure, with insiduous art,
Infus'd her deadly poison in thy heart—
Deem not her zeal intrusive or severe,
To save thee—what? from lux'ries bought too dear!
The silken band shall prove an iron chain,
And thy gall'd spirit seek release in vain!
The noble freedom of thy nature fled,
A ruthless tyrant shalt thou find instead,

Who spreads her empire with destructive breath,
Whose smile is treach'ry—and whose frown is
Death.

Such have I found her.—As with feeble might
Some wounded bird attempts its tim'rous flight,
Thus do I soar—my feeble wings expand,
And seek for safety in a fairer land!

# LINES

RESPECTFULLY

## ADDRESSED TO HIS MAJESTY,

ON HEARING OF SOME EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCES

OF HIS CONDESCENSION.

EXALTED PRINCE!—Let meaner souls than thine,
Seek with a borrow'd dignity to shine:
Superior minds enjoy the social hour,
Nor feel the weight—the arrogance of pow'r.

Thus Russia's mighty Czar, with pow'rs sublime,
To spread fair culture in a frozen clime,

With gen'rous purpose bade his honours sleep,
And toil'd for knowledge on the foaming deep:
The Sov'reign reign'd beneath a low disguise,
And burst resplendent on a nation's eyes.

Thus princely ALFRED, nobler than his lot,
Conceal'd his greatness in a herdsman's cot,
Where Pride, perchance, had scorn'd the humble scene,
Nor mark'd the hero, tho' in ALFRED's mien!

Oh ne'er let Britain, coldly, vainly see,
Beloved Prince! the blessing giv'n in thee!
Nor deem it strange, reserve and harsh distrust,
Chills not a heart benificent and just!
A heart, where Vice and Folly are withstood,
Which glows with ardour for a people's good.

Connubial Love, with soft and constant claim,
There lights its purest, ever faithful flame;
And zeal paternal, from the scenes of strife,
Bends to the gentle cares of private life.
Art thou not great? A kingdom sure shou'd know
Th' intrepid soul, which fear'd not Danger's blow.
Such Christian courage to the mind is given,
Whose noblest, brightest, crown remains in Heaven.

ON

# READING A NOVEL,

CALLED ARIEL.

Sweet Ariel! Fancy's darling child,
Methinks I mark thy wand'rings wild,
As graceful in the Sylvan scene
Appears thy fair enchanting mien;
Soft "by the glimpses of the moon,"
It steals from night her horrors soon:
Not "making hideous"—like the form
Of wizard in the midnight storm;
But cheering, with a friendly power,
Ev'n Sorrow's dark sequester'd hour.

Such music to thy lute is given
As ev'n might suit the choir of Heaven!
For sweetly from its pliant strings
Celestial Peace its requiem brings,
And Virtue bids thro' ether float
Her soft and harmonizing note.—
Sweet ARIEL!—Guardian friend of Youth,
Cam'st thou from Fiction, or from Truth?—
Though Fancy gave thy mantle blue,
And deckt thy wings with silver hue—
Tho' Fancy gave thy fair disguise,
We trace thy lineage from the skies.

## LINES,

BY DESIRE OF A LADY ESTEEMED BY THE AUTHOR.

Say!—What is Love? Ye wise ones say?
A Will o' the Wisp, that leads astray—
A canker worm of pois'nous power,
That lurks within the blooming flow'r!
A snake that couches in the grass,
Where heedless folks are forc'd to pass—
A blight that spoils the forward fruit,
A worm that gnaws it at the root;
A spark, which first we may desire,
But soon will set a town on fire,

And all that most we love and praise,
Alas! may perish in the blaze!——
Love, like a torrent, onward rushes,
And all the land in ruin crushes.
Sometimes it plays th' Optician's part,
And makes a glass, with so much art,
It gives one object to the sight,
And all things else are banish'd quite.
Sometimes (my simile to finish)
'Twill magnify—sometimes diminish;
And Proteus like, its tricks to season,
'Twill copy every thing but Reason!—
'Twill make a draught beyond Champaign,
T' intoxicate the firmest brain—
'Twill change (with wonder I have heard)
Its peacock to a common bird!—
If Love must dwell within the heart,
Let it not play the tyrant's part:

For who that once has Cupid known
Wou'd set that urchin on a throne?—
Oh! shun like Death that dire disaster!
Make him your slave, but not your master.

TO AN

## OFFICER OF THE TENTH REGIMENT,

WHO RETURNED TO ENGLAND, AFTER SERVING ABROAD SOME YEARS.

1804.

FRIEND to the Muse, and each enliv'ning art,
Which cheers repose, and soothes the drooping heart,
Which softens friendship, which appeases strife,
And scatters roses o'er the path of life!—
Take from her grateful hand, ('tis sure thy claim)
One humble flow'r to deck thy wreath of fame,

That glowing wreath, which Justice must allow,
More bright than diamonds on the soldier's brow.
'Tis hardly earn'd!—The fight, the foaming deep,
And Afric's sands, which roll their burning heap,
The savage shore, and India's sultry glow,
Contribute all to make his laurels grow!
Whilst heav'nly Mercy lends her gentle aid,
And decks them with a leaf which ne'er can fade.

Sweet is Repose!—And to the Patriot's eye,
How pure, how richly glows his native sky;
When ev'ry toil is past, and Danger's hour
Enriches Comfort in her peaceful bow'r!
And gives delicious luxury, rarely felt,
Where Peace and languid Safety long have dwelt.
Snatch'd from the boist'rous wave, the murd'rous crew,
The warrior's bosom wakes to life anew:

Sprung from the grasp of Death, escap'd each dart,
He yields to gen'rous Hope his bounding heart;
And ev'n the pebble on his native shore,
Shines with a lustre unperceiv'd before:
Ev'n the poor pebble shall importance gain,
And India's gems shall emulate in vain.

'Tis thine, oh H——s, thy toils and dangers past,
To taste the sweets of calm repose at last!
Form'd as thou art, to share the social scene,
And spread fair Friendship, with her smile serene.
May gentle Peace, with all her charms divine,
The choice of sage Experience now be thine—
Glory and Toil have long thy hours possess'd,
To Friendship, Truth, and Genius, give the rest.

TO THE

## HON. THOMAS STEELE,

ON HIS GRANTING AN ANNUITY TO THE DAUGHTER OF A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD BEEN IN THE OFFICE MANY YEARS.

WRITTEN BY DESIRE OF A FRIEND.

Fair Gratitude! thou glowing friend of Truth,
Bright with the ardour of unfading Youth!
When Kindness pours its balm with graceful art,
To heal the sorrows of the wounded heart—
Come to my aid—the languid Muse inspire—
Come with thy vivid spark, thy verse of fire!

And next to Heaven, where first the tribute's due,
Turn from the faithless world, to ONE that's true.
I call thee, Sense and Goodness to proclaim,
Temper'd and bright, and polish'd as his name!
—Though terror oft attends the warlike sound,
The friend of gentle Mercy here 'tis found;
And Truth, with grateful Friendship shall reveal,
The Orphan's—Widow's Patron—dwells with
STEEL!

# LINES,

## ON HEARING A HIGH ENCOMIUM ON THE SPIRIT OF ATHENS, A WORK WRITTEN BY SIR WILLIAM YOUNG, BART.

THE gaze of rapture, Ignorance may bestow,
When faithless Fancy bids her pageants glow,
And decks fallacious gems with lustre bright,
To emulate the diamond's genuine light.
But Science scorns such poor and trivial praise—
On more than fairy ground she plants her bays;
She trims the midnight lamp with higher views,
And matron Beauty decks her classic muse.

Oh thou! to Nature, Truth, and Learning dear!
'Tis luxury from the wise thy praise to hear;
'Tis more than this, to feel thy nobler claim—
On Virtue's sacred shelf to see thy name!*
Sweet Mercy there thy off'ring shall receive,
And place it with that smile 'tis her's to give;
Safe with her treasures too, thy works shall blend,
For Learning's Patron is Misfortune's Friend!

* Alluding to some other publications by Sir W. Young, in favour of the poor.

TO THE MEMORY OF

## ADMIRAL LORD DUNCAN.

FRIEND to his Country!—to Religion's cause—
On Earth he fought, and conquer'd with applause;
But still on Heaven he fix'd his ardent sight;
The faithful Christian fought a nobler fight!
And safe has reach'd that everlasting shore,
Where storms are heard and billows beat no more.

Farewell, Great DUNCAN! while the sea shall lave
Rever'd Britannia with its azure wave,
Thy glorious mem'ry, with the world's esteem,
Shall o'er her trophies cast a radiant gleam,

And gild them with a ray celestial too,
Which proud Ambition's votary never knew!—
Oh, may this thought—this soothing thought control
The anguish that corrodes Affection's soul!
DUNCAN survives, tho' not on earth to dwell—
His vict'ries now let saints and angels tell!
He lives immortal, in a brighter sphere,
To praise that Sovereign Power he worshipp'd here.

# LINES,

ON THE DEATH OF

## CHARLES TOWNLEY, ESQ.----1805.

WRITTEN BY DESIRE OF A FRIEND.

WHERE art thou, Genius?—'tis thy mournful part
To speak the sorrows now of Friendship's heart.
For no inglorious name thy tears are shed:
'Tis thine to sympathize—for TOWNLEY's dead!—
—Come ev'ry Muse! the solemn dirge prepare,
And form the tribute with peculiar care.

Aspiring Art! not all thy pow'rs combin'd,
Can speak his ardent, his capacious mind!
Did not he seek thee in a foreign clime,
And snatch thee, mould'ring, in the grasp of Time?
He view'd thee sinking in Oblivion's night,
And gave thy beauties to the orient light.
Fair Nature too, thy grateful tears impart,
For oh! he lov'd thee, in the works of Art,
And priz'd her talents most, when, bold and free,
Like some pure mirror, she reflected thee!—
Enchanting Taste, adorn'd with ceaseless Youth,
Allied to Genius, Fancy, Nature, Truth!
With sweet Simplicity, in russet plain,
And all the Graces blooming in thy train—
Come deck the cypress shade, with weeping eyes,
And breathe in Sculpture where thy TOWNLEY lies.

But what are now thy safest, richest pow'rs,
When Death possesses, and the grave devours?
A Power Supreme must there in darkness shine,
And wake thy friends to knowledge more divine.

# SONNETS,

AND

# RELIGIOUS POETRY.

## SONNET TO MEMORY.

Oh, gentle Memory! — Sorrow's fading Queen!
Whose solemn haunts still Fancy loves to trace;
Though deck'd in sables, soothing is thy mien,
And smiles adorn thee of peculiar grace!
Oh thou! who lov'st by moonlight's pensive beam
To wander by the murm'ring silver stream,
Catching some object in the misty glade!
Enchanting Mem'ry! tho' thy colours fade,
And Time may rob them of their fairest hue,
Still, by Reflection's gleam they're bright and new!—

The wounded spirit, like some shatter'd bark,
Which sov'reign Pity still has deign'd to mark,
And sav'd from sinking, tho' by whirlwinds driv'n,
Must seek its harbour, and its hopes in Heaven.

ON THE

## RENEWAL OF THE WAR.

WHAT heavenly form, with nameless beauty grac'd,
Tho' horror turns her cheek of roses pale,
And her hair floats, disorder'd, to the gale,
Flies with the winged step of trembling haste,
Nor stops to tell the winds her dismal tale?—
'Tis gentle Peace!—Alas! she smiles no more!
No more with harmony her grove resounds;
But Ocean bids his loudest cannons roar,
And shrill in air the angry trumpet sounds,

Whilst Fame her banner spreads—its dazzling pow'r
Calls to her valiant sons to meet the foe,
Trusting in HIM who lays the mighty low!
And gives to Victory its triumphant hour;—
Whose potent Arm the battle must maintain,
And ev'n may yield sweet Peace her charms
again!

## EASTER.

DEATH clos'd his iron gates in vain!
A stronger, nobler—more victorious arm,
Burst thro' the adamantine chain,
And spread, oh Darkness! thro' thy dire domain,
Confusion to thy hosts, and deep alarm!
He rose—the SAVIOUR of Mankind!—
Well might'st thou shrink, O Death, within thy cave,
(Despoil'd of empire, even within the Grave,)
To see th' Almighty Gift by Love assign'd,
And all thy captives freed.

When Sin had spread its empire o'er the world,
And fierce Destruction had its flag unfurl'd,
Black with the crimes of men.—Oh! 'twas an hour,
When Mercy, like a sun-beam, brighten'd pow'r,
And granted Life indeed!—
The heart which feels its glow, has THAT within,
Which even may lead in chains the monster Sin;
A SAVIOUR's triumph may it hope to share,
And Death, in vain, shall seek a victim there!

## THE MAGDALEN.

A SONNET.

THRO' the dark shadows of my brain,
Conviction darts with piercing light!
Not like the morn, to cheer my aching sight,
But more like lightning on the dreary plain,
Casting terrific gleams on night!—
Thus, faintly thro' Confusion's gloom,
The horrors of the scene I see;
And sure, a refuge, like the tomb,
Must hide my wretchedness and me!

Take me, oh SAVIOUR of Mankind!
One gleam of heav'nly Grace impart;
I bring thee (all a wretch can find)
A suff'ring, guilty, broken heart.
Clasping thy cross, I'll breathe my ardent pray'r,
And dark Perdition cannot seize me there.

## A HYMN.

THOUGH hov'ring tempests gather round me,
And threat'ning clouds, aghast, I see,
Let them not, O LORD, confound me!
Thy creature still must trust in Thee.

Amid the midnight's darkest horror,
Shou'd but Thy glorious smile be seen,
It soothes the keenest edge of sorrow,
And Death itself becomes serene.

Tho' storms may swell the foaming billow,
And deep the soul may be opprest,
The Rock of Ages is our pillow,
And there the weary head may rest.

## TO MR. W. S*****,

### ON HIS PRESENT OF THE CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

If Gratitude the conscious breast inspires,
When wan Disease and all her train retires;
When Nature owns the sage Physician's art,
In ev'ry pulse that vibrates in the heart;
Ah, say, can words declare that author's claim,
Who heals our anguish with a nobler aim?
Can suited praise—can eloquence be found,
For him who probes, to cure a deeper wound?

And pours the balm of heav'nly Truth within,
To save the soul, consum'd by fest'ring sin.—
When trembling Conscience feels unequal strife,
Sweet is the precious drop of sacred Life;
'Tis Health—'tis Youth—'tis energy Divine!
Accept the praise, oh SEARLE—'tis justly thine:
Meekly thy soul shall take the tribute given,
And yield the glory, where 'tis due—to Heaven!

ON READING

## A SERMON ON PATIENCE.

Oh! heart-reviving Truth! whose sov'reign pow'r
Enriches, with delight, Affliction's hour!
Sunk and aghast, the troubled soul may stray
Thro' Pleasure's flow'ry meads or Grandeur's way:
Not one soft ray of comfort shall impart
Its cheering cordial to the wounded heart!—
But when, in glowing words, we see expand,
Religion's bright and venerable band,
Blest with their Leader, who, from Realms Above,
As first in grandeur, shone the first in love!

Patient and meek, and holy!—When we view
The Saints and Martyrs, an illustrious few!
So fair an aspect suff'ring Patience shews,
It dignifies, and ev'n endears our woes!—
As some poor captive, who for freedom waits,
Tastes the pure zephyr at his prison gates,
My fainting soul enjoys the mercy giv'n,
And feels the sweet refreshment sent from Heav'n.

## CHRISTMAS EVE.

THOUGH heavy clouds in darkness roll,
Faith is the sunshine of the soul,
And soon the bright returning day
Shall chase these dismal scenes away.
—'Tis thus, when earth its Lord beheld,
A deeper darkness was dispell'd!
Ev'n cold Affliction's sable night
Resign'd its empire at the sight,
And beams resplendent and divine,
Then caus'd immortal Day to shine.

## CHRISTMAS DAY.

Black through the air, ye pow'rs of Darkness fly,
With Malice and Revenge—a sullen train!
Pure and serene should be the conscious sky,
An emblem of Messiah's glorious reign.
Oh let not man, redeem'd from Mis'ry's chain,
Fiercely and proud his fellow man behold—
To Penitence severe—to Mercy cold!
And view her smiles—her heav'nly smile in vain!
Firm in his soul, let holy Truth engrave
Her precious counsel, and in crimson deep
Of sacred blood, her glowing letters steep!—
A Saviour comes! tho' angry demons rave—
He came to pardon—and He came to save!

## A RELIGIOUS SOLILOQUY,

### FOR A RECLUSE.

GREAT GOD! when o'er the dazzling height
I cast my animated sight,
Amazement ev'ry thought confounds,
And Fancy forms celestial sounds!
LORD! what is man? whom heav'nly Love
Has deign'd to visit from Above?
Though Sin—tho' demons may controul,
Man has a bright immortal soul;

To save that spark of light divine,
Oh, King of Glory! it was Thine!
Oh! blest REDEEMER! 'twas a deed,
For which Thy matchless Love might bleed,
And grov'ling must that spirit be,
Which views not Excellence in THEE!

## A RELIGIOUS SUPPLICATION.

Oh, Blessed Saviour! since my will
Becomes the slave of Passion still,
Oh tear the bandage from my sight,
Which intercepts Thy glorious light!
Unfold thy bright eternal Day,
And snatch me, from myself away!

Since there's a Rest, when Life is trod,
Kept for Thy servants—oh! my God!
A Rest, from vile intruders free,
Where Harmony resides with Thee!—
Oh, may thy feeble Servant share,
And find an endless Harbour there.

## THE VAGRANT

A WRETCHED Vagrant, here behold me!
A wand'rer on the desart plain;
In early youth a tyrant sold me,
She sold me for the love of gain!

A guilty culprit Justice found me,
And banish'd to a distant land—
And now return'd, while feelings wound me,
A dismal Outcast still I stand!

As wand'ring on a Sabbath morning,
Beside a church I took my way,
Impell'd by some propitious warning,
Within the sacred porch I lay!

A tatter'd wretch, I dar'd not enter,
But words of comfort caught my ear,
And seem'd to say, a wretch might venture
At Mercy's seat, tho' banish'd here!

And One, I heard, (how vast the blessing!)
Had sav'd poor Sinners from despair;
I felt sweet Hope my soul possessing,
And humbly join'd in ardent pray'r.

That hour thro' life shall be my treasure—
No fraud shall now my wants supply;
And shou'd the world still shew displeasure,
I'll trust in GOD, and meekly die!

## THE SHIELD OF FAITH.

A RELIGIOUS SONNET.

BRIGHT on the Shield of Virtue, when 'twas giv'n
(Of dazzling lustre, and of pow'rs divine)
By pure Religion, from the Court of Heav'n,
And Mercy bade the gift on mortals shine,
To guard the breast of Passion and of Youth—
On that fair Shield was grav'd the name of Truth!
Invincible shall prove its heav'nly force,
And ev'n in Death's dark vale secure its course;

For He, whose suff'rings spoke transcendent love,
Has there His Promise wrote in sacred blood.
Strong is the feeble, shelter'd from Above,
For He that most is Mighty, most is Good!
In that ecstatic thought shall comfort reign,
And the fierce pow'rs of Darkness frown in vain!

# *ESSAYS,*

ON

## MORAL AND RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS.

# ESSAYS.

## A VISION.----BY ORONTES.

Oppressed with grief and disappointment, and wearied with reflection, a few evenings ago I softly sunk into a profound slumber, to the sound of a tempestuous gale, which rustled through the adjacent forest, and roused the Ocean to a solemn murmur: It was faintly heard at a distance from the dwelling where I lived—a solitude far remote from Dissipation, and even from Society! where Imagination might wander, with unmolested freedom, and the beloved objects of Memory might long preserve their impression.

Such was my state, when the deep repose of forgetfulness stole over my senses, and the powers of Fancy, with a peculiar energy, exerted their influence. - - - Methought I was suddenly transported to a dark and irregular wilderness, which excluded the light of the Sun in many places. A confused and discordant noise was heard through the trees, but sometimes it was varied by the groans of Distress, the hissing of Serpents, the growling of wild beasts, and other jarring sounds. Some of the paths, indeed, were adorned with Flowers, which made a gaudy appearance, and I was taking up some of them to form a nosegay, when, suddenly, there appeared a majestic figure at my elbow, who dashed them abruptly from my hand. "Beware, young man," said he, "of those flowers, "which appear so gay and alluring; they are called "the Flowers of Falshood, and they grow in many "parts of this dangerous wilderness, but the instant you wear them in your bosom you will feel "the poisonous effects of them, which intoxicates "the senses, and prevents the clear perception of "any other object. I am (said he, with great dignity, united with sweetness) the Genius of "Instruction; observe, and follow me!"

There was something irresistible in the invitation of this respectable person; his countenance, I know not how, was awful, and yet attractive: there seemed an air of severity on his brow, but when he spoke, it was softened into complacency, and the harmony of his voice was equal to the melody of music! I followed him to the darkest part of the grove, where, indeed, I must have lost myself entirely, without his protection.---- At length he conducted me to a walk of Evergreens, where I perceived some venerable Sages, so deeply engaged in study, that they seemed not to observe us. These, as he told me, were Philosophers and honourable persons, who enlightened, in some degree, those ages in which they lived, searching for truth, but they had never gone beyond the limits of this walk.

"It is now my commission," added he, "to "shew you a scene of unspeakable importance, "which surpasses the noblest display of earthly "magnificence, and which all the potentates of "the world might survey with wonder and admi-"ration."---- Scarce had he pronounced these words, when the dismal and perplexing wilderness

suddenly disappeared, and I seemed to be insensibly transported to a scene so glorious and sublime, that it is impossible for the human mind to form a due conception of it. My eyes were enchanted with a prospect so dazzling; they could scarcely sustain its lustre.----"Behold," said the Genius, "that "venerable multitude which approaches!"---- I turned my eyes, and beheld a triumphant Cross, which seemed to be formed of a sunbeam: so great was the lustre, that it illuminated all around it to a considerable distance. The persons that followed it were dressed in habiliments of snowy white; but I particularly remarked, that there was somewhat princely in the air of all of them, combined with a graceful meekness; though there was great variation in their manners, their ages, and appearance. I was just inquiring of my conductor, when he prevented me.----"These," said he, "are illustrious Saints, which you now behold; "they have all travelled through that dismal wil- "derness which you have seen, and they have "walked through the darkest paths of Pain and "Misery, with many a weary step, to obtain that "honourable distinction which they now enjoy. "Indeed, those gloomy and rugged walks are the

"shortest avenues to this place. Behold them "again!"----I saw that every one of them had a Shield, upon which was engraved, in crimson letters, the word 'FAITH;' and also a sword, of inimitable lustre.----"That shield," said he, "is impenetrable! But remember, it was the gift "of Heaven, which they obtained with earnest "prayer and perseverance; as well as that glorious "weapon, which is called 'the Sword of the "Spirit—the Word of GOD;' with these they "have encountered, successfully, a host of ene-"mies, and on each of their shields is engraved "the conquest they have gained, whether more or "less illustrious."----I observed a most graceful female figure; her eyes, indeed, seemed to have lost some of their lustre, but they were mild and interesting! her hands were crossed on her breast, and her locks were carefully concealed under a veil of most exquisite whiteness. "She, whom you "now observe," said my instructor, "is not the "meanest of this multitude: Behold the conquest "she has gained!" Inscribed on her shield, I beheld the word 'Vanity.'----The next who attracted my eyes, was the figure of an elderly man, dressed with great simplicity; his looks were

cast upon the ground, and he was leading an aged domestic, who seemed to be enfeebled with many infirmities. "That man," said the Genius of Instruction, "has triumphed over difficulties which "the Spirits of Heaven surveyed with anxiety, "and if Divine Mercy had not sent to him a de- "formed guide, called Poverty, he would scarcely "have reached his present situation." ---- "Cast "your eyes," continued he, "on that young man "who follows him." I obeyed, and at first glance I distinguished in him a dignity and sedateness, which seemed to combine the wisdom of Age with the graces of Youth. "That person," said the Genius, "who now engages your attention, has "resisted the prevalence of sinful custom and the "ridicule of the world!—He has refused to com- "ply with the impetuous humour of a Duellist, "who defied the prospect of Eternity for a moment "of Revenge; he has seen that very duellist re- "duced to distress, and he has conveyed to him "the means of subsistence! He has saved, also, "the life of his enemy, with the risque of his own, "and he has conquered him without blood!—That "youth was a Christian! It is a glorious name, "but the world did not understand him: he found

" a compensation for its neglect in the smile of " Heaven, and the serenity of his own breast."

Methought, at this instant a sound of celestial music entranced my senses; or rather, it seemed to harmonize all the faculties of my soul.---- " Enough" — said my Instructor — " you must " quit this delightful scene; your earthly career " must be pursued; a thorny wilderness is before " you: But, remember! all its trials and tempta- " tions are but for a moment—and the end is— " ETERNITY!"

There appeared, from the majesty of his countenance, and the manner of his speaking these words, something so dreadful in the sound, that it echoed through my heart — and, trembling, I awaked to the troubles and vicissitudes of this lower world.

# AN ESSAY

ON

# DEVOTION.

It is an observation of some writer, whose name I have forgot, that "there never was a man "who prayed in his life with sincerity, but must "own there is a comfort and advantage to be "found in Prayer!"

Whatever medicine is to the sickly and infirm, such is Prayer to the afflicted and diseased Soul; and as peculiar disorders of the human frame require applications and remedies of a suitable nature to relieve them, so it is with the mind.

I firmly believe the reason which discourages so many persons from this holy and beneficial exercise of Prayer, is this—that they observe it merely as a task, instead of considering it, what it really is—our Privilege! - - - Some hasty, injudicious choice, and some studied form of private Devotion, which they have found in a pious author—valuable, perhaps, in its kind, but unsuitable to their own circumstances—a form which they adopted without reflection, and practise without feeling—may have hardened and misled them from the effects of a true and genuine Piety. - - - Some vague expressions of a repentance, to which they are absolutely strangers, and a renunciation of the world, which probably they do not experience, is the result of that exertion; which nevertheless appears to them highly meritorious, though they feel not its use: and whatever is ascribed to the influence and fervour of true Devotion, is considered by them as the dream of a frantic Enthusiast, or the pretence of a designing Bigot. - - - Alas! they know not—they seek not properly the blessings of Prayer! It is not a regular form of words, or the eloquence of professions, that will convey it to the soul. It must be sensible of its

disease, before it applies the remedy. To a cold and lifeless sinner, the excellence of the LORD'S PRAYER itself is no more discerned, than the most beautiful object of Nature is by a senseless corpse. The latent cause of the evil must be detected—the dangerous symptoms distinguished, and acknowledged without any reserve, pretence, or dissimulation. - - - It is the Great Physician of Souls alone, who can cure them! There can be no deception with Him. - - - The wounded spirit must be probed, before the Balm of Consolation can reach the anguish. The corruption of the heart must be revealed, and every sinful passion — every fatal propensity—must be drawn, as it were, from its deepest recess, before we can experience relief.— We must discover, with all the vigilance in our power, wherever the malady, the weaker part prevails — "the sin that most easily besets us"— and then, with courage and perseverance, we must seek the remedy. Our disease must not merely be palliated, but driven away—extirpated from the habit; and every man who makes the experiment will find, how entirely incapable he is of success, without the assistance and support of that Heavenly Power which commands us to

approach "the Throne of Grace, that we may "find help in the time of need."

Whatever be the infirmities and diseases of the soul—however corrupt and degenerate it may be—yet the privilege of Prayer is its blessed resource. The feeble application of the feeblest mortal, will be received and heard with mercy. Our Blessed REDEEMER has assured us, "Whoever applies to "Him he will in no wise cast out;" and He has purchased for us, by his inestimable Merits, that Blessing, which any man who justly discerns its importance will value as his life; or rather, infinitely beyond it!—When stained with iniquities and wounded with shame, ah! whither should he fly, but to Him who is the Physician of Souls?—the Friend of the Forsaken, and the Refuge of the Miserable!----Has He not promised the Holy Spirit to those who ask Him? He is a Spirit of Wisdom—of Light—of Consolation!—a sanctifying Spirit to the penitent Sinner; and, in short, every thing our wretched state requires. He is Strength to the weak—Counsel to the ignorant—

and, assisted by His might, an humble Christian can follow his SAVIOUR, (even through "the "Valley of the Shadow of Death"), to a joyful Eternity.

If the horror and darkness which sometimes hovers on the Believer's soul, be not immediately removed by Prayer, let him not be damped or discouraged! We must remember the parable of the importunate Widow. It is sufficient that our Blessed LORD (whose words are truth) has informed us, that our Heavenly Father will grant Divine assistance to those who implore it; and He has exhorted us to Faith and perseverance in this Duty of Prayer.—However imperfect and unworthy our petitions may be, there is a Power superior to all we can imagine, who will graciously supply their deficiency, and they are accepted for His sake in whose Name we offer them! We are assured by Him, that one grain of mustard seed will, by constant care and unremitting watchfulness, bestow the produce of eternal Felicity.

I know, indeed, (it is grievous to behold it) there are those who live without Religion in the

world! who pursue a course of pleasure or of business, (of idleness, perhaps) without any ideas but what are sensual and worldly. In the earlier period of life, there is probably some darling inclination, which occupies every moment of reflection—which delightfully seduces the imagination, and captivates the heart. The prospects of life may be gay and brilliant, probably they are uncertain; and in either case it is sufficient to preclude every serious idea of remote objects. The society of friends and intimates, the novelty of every scene that appears, and a curiosity for the attainment of Knowledge, will, for a certain time, engross the faculties of the soul; and even where education has founded the noblest principles, they will too soon be forgot, or lie dormant in the soul, while numerous and present objects around us solicit its attention.

But there is a time, when all the pageantry and deceptions of life will appear in their true colours; and though the figure of Falshood be never so artfully adorned to resemble Truth, (as SPENSER represents, in his excellent Fiction) yet she must be detected!

A sensible and pious author (Dr. BLAIR) reminds us — "That which is mortal will perish, "and that which is mutable will vanish away." —Experience, with her fatal wand, will touch every object with the mournful appearance of decay. Those forms we pursued with ardour, will probably be snatched from our embrace! Sickness, Misfortune, or Disappointment, will arrest us in our career! ----The more we have indulged our passions, the more they will torment and tyrannize over us; and prove they are still insatiable. If Adversity should lacerate our hearts, the friend of Pleasure, of Mirth and Prosperity, will vanish for ever! Where, then, in such a state, shall the forlorn Child of Experience, and perhaps the victim of Sensibility, turn for shelter? His heart will soon convince him, that it is not to be found on earth; that Consolation is the gift of Heaven!

But how difficult it is for him, who never acknowledged his Creator in the days of his youth, to seek Him in the days of his affliction! It would indeed be difficult; but Divine Mercy has so contrived it, that Affliction itself is a great corrector of the heart: it will teach him to lament his past

ingratitude, and to deplore his folly. The world, which was his idol, has left him a Bankrupt! The Mercy of Heaven, which he implores, like the Prodigal Son, for pardon and acceptance, is his only—last resource; and he may say, in all the energy of remorse, like the fallen CARDINAL WOLSEY—

> ——Oh, had I served my GOD
> With half the zeal I serv'd my King—
> He would not in mine age
> Have left me naked to my enemies!
>
> SHAKESPEARE.

It is, indeed, universally acknowledged, that Calamity is a powerful instructor; and that it often awakens in the heart those sentiments of Humility and Devotion, which are stifled and overcome in prosperity. Impressed with this idea, we should cease to consider Adversity or Disappointment as truly an evil, in this mortal life; rather should we receive them as a salutary discipline, in this our degenerate state, which may lead us from dangerous and perishable pursuits, to those which are crowned with Immortality!

ON THE

# SACRED WRITINGS.

If we consider the illustrious names of a Newton, a Locke, and a Boyle, with the greatest among our philosophers, as admirers and lovers of the Sacred Writings;—when we reflect that men of the most vigorous and cultivated minds, possessed of the most exquisite discernment, have entertained the highest relish for their excellence, we must surely have no moderate share of vanity and opinion of ourselves, to suppose that we have more sagacity, as critics and logicians, than such men. At least, I think, we should aim at some degree of their eminence, before we dispute their judgment.

The fidelity of the Sacred Penmen, as Historians and Chronologists, has been acknowledged by very high authority—even by Sir ISAAC NEWTON himself. The dignity and sublimity of the style has been confessed by the first of critics, and the majesty which reigns in many passages of the Holy Bible, might elevate and convince any mind that is not utterly corrupted by Vice and Infidelity.-----That the remarkable prediction in Isaiah, concerning the sufferings and death of our Blessed SAVIOUR, converted the infidel Lord Rochester, is known to be a fact; and whoever peruses an account of that penitent nobleman, by Bishop BURNET, must allow that there was something more than fancy in that conviction, which first produced repentance, and then conveyed peace to his soul at the hour of Death!

If only the weak or credulous part of mankind had given their assent to the Holy Scriptures, the Sceptic, might have more excuse, perhaps, for his opposition. But the wise and the learned, as well as the good, in all ages, have borne a most glorious testimony to their credit and honour; and this we know, that the injurious opponent of Christianity

has rarely been esteemed as an useful or a happy member of society. Some notorious examples have appeared among its adversaries, who lived in infamy, and died most wretched; and whoever has heard of the miserable end of VOLTAIRE, may consider it, in some degree, as an antidote to the malignity of his writings.

It is not Wit, nor a brilliant imagination, but it is Truth which must support us in a dying hour! Those patriots and friends of their country, the philanthropist HOWARD, and JONAS HANWAY, were both of them remarkably religious; and if we look back to that illustrious warrior, whose history every true Englishman must recall with an honest and laudable exultation, (I mean our EDWARD the Black Prince) we shall find that the Hero of POICTIERS and CRESSY, was distinguished by the virtues and piety of a Christian. —I cannot forbear to mention also PRINCE EUGENE, who made a devout writer (as we are assured) his constant companion, and it was a favourite saying of his, "that a man made a better "soldier for being a good Christian."

Let not, then, the modern Unbeliever consider it as a mark of Learning or Wisdom, or Courage, that he ventures to attack those sacred records, which the brave, as well as the wise, have honoured and respected; nor deem it a mark of weakness and inferiority to be a true Believer.—Never can they deny, that those holy and venerable Writings, which we justly consider as divinely inspired, are the sure and unfailing basis of the purest morality.

The Old and New Testament are intimately connected—mutually explaining and illustrating each other. In almost every part of the world there are standing proofs of their authenticity, and we must take them as our guide to Happiness, or perish. The mystery of our Salvation is there gradually unfolded in this inestimable book, from the first dawn of prophecy, till its meridian light; when at length, the Sun of Righteousness arose, "with healing on his wings—the desire of all "nations!"—and the Great, the Compassionate REDEEMER of Mankind.

Every thing to man is inconceivable—every

thing must be so, in this great, this astonishing display of the Divine Goodness! But oppressed with himself, as it were, the prisoner of Sin and Death, he feels his want of a SAVIOUR!—a Support—a Deliverer (happy he is if he feels it) and he wishes not in vain. If man should impiously reject the Divine Hand that is stretched forth to save him in the tempestuous ocean where he is sinking, his destruction is voluntary—it is madness!—But, alas! his ingratitude is equal to this. No one, I think, can venture to assert, that it is a mark of Wisdom to venture on Ruin; or to prefer it; and if it is Courage, Courage is no longer respectable; for Insanity is the same thing, and its effects are similar.—I know that this is a light in which the gay and superficial infidel regards not the subject: he seldom possesses a mind to estimate what is truly great, magnificent, or noble; nor does he venture, in fact, to consider Eternity; but he can criticise separate and distinct parts, and detect blemishes, as he thinks, which manifest his discernment; some there are, says Mr. POPE, who boldly "rush in where Angels fear to tread."

With regard to the imperfections of certain

characters in the Holy Scriptures, we should rather esteem it as a mark of their impartial veracity. If man had only invented them, such circumstances might probably have been suppressed. They may also teach us, what infinite need we all have of a SAVIOUR, since the best and most eminent persons have not been blameless.

Such should be the result of our reflections. It is easy to judge and decide rashly. We are told where the wise man is cautious, "the fool rages "and is confident;" but it is only the ignorant or the prejudiced who will regard him, or yield to sophistry and ridicule the respect and attention which is due to Truth.

## ON WISDOM.

WERE it possible that all the grandeur, wealth and accomplishments, which ever attracted the admiration of man, could be united in one person, it is certain, that without the attainment of Wisdom he would be miserable! There is that which is manifest to the world; a shewy illusive figure, of transitory duration, "who will strut his hour upon the stage," be admired or envied within his own circle, and then be heard no more!---There is also that which is of far greater importance, what the Holy Scripture calls "the inner man." This is only visible to our Maker, and, in a certain degree, to ourselves: it is this which is accountable at the bar of Justice: it is this which must be our companion, through Time and through Eternity!—Here we behold the intrinsic — the noblest part of our being,

though degenerate from its original state; and according as this is improved or neglected, we shall be happy or miserable. To devote, then, our noblest faculties to its essential good, with the strictest attention to promote it by the most certain means, must constitute Wisdom; and if this may be allowed a proper definition of it, (as I think it must) it is obvious, every pretension to it which Vice can offer, however embellished or disguised, must be groundless.---Attractive, splendid, or superior talents, may appear in the covetous or worldly man; but he must prove that he has taken the best method to be happy within himself, and to ensure a permanent felicity, before we can account him a wise man; and I imagine, with all his art and ability, he will be rather at a loss when he comes to maintain the argument. Till then, in the language of the Preacher, we must consider the fool and the sinner to be synonimous terms.

Wisdom, indeed, is of the highest — for it is of Divine extraction, and a pearl of such inestimable value, that the most laborious life of hardships would be well bestowed to obtain it. No matter if we pass through the most tempestuous seas, or

are scorched by the torrid zone! even the loss of a right hand or a limb, would cheaply purchase so valuable, so immortal a treasure; for Wisdom is the Science of Salvation.

It is possible to encumber the head with learning, as we may fill our barns and storehouses with commodities that are not marketable, and consequently useless: but it is Wisdom's office to select, and enrich the mind with profitable and Divine Knowledge; to discover the nature of Truth, and closely to examine and pursue whatever is important and beneficial to human nature; whatever will dignify and improve it.—Learning is the handmaid of Wisdom, and being subservient, it is not her business to be arrogant and presuming. Indeed, the natural result of Wisdom's inquiries and researches, must be self-abasement and not Pride.—Detecting the wretchedness and poverty of man, it must induce him to admire—to seek, and to adore the Divine Mercy, which has so gloriously supplied a remedy, and raised him from the dust where he was fallen.

Wisdom will now discern there is a spiritual

world, which demands its attention, and is worthy of all its ardour. Knowing the frail texture and uncertainty of human life, it will grant it only a subordinate and secondary consideration; for it is the office of Wisdom to allow every thing exactly the degree of consequence which justly belongs to it: it will cautiously admit Pleasure, but never will allow Passion to encroach upon its rights. Instead of seeking sensual delights, or trifling pursuits, it will endeavour to rule the empire within, and keep its rebellious subjects, the appetites and affections, within due restraint: conscious, however, that it has no authority but what is derived from a higher Power, to whom it will apply for relief, for vigour and perseverance; and on whom it will ever feel its dependence.

After all our exertions, we can know but in part, and till that which is perfect is come, we must be content.----Who, however, would grovel in the mire, when his hopes should exalt him among the stars?—or be satisfied with the gewgaws of children, when a Crown of Glory is offered for his portion in the regions of Eternal Felicity?

I am fully aware, that Wisdom has often a task to fulfil in human life, which sometimes may be accomplished by those who neglect it in the regulation of their own affairs. It is possible for a man to be a statesman, or a magistrate, who fails in his domestic character, and neglects the social claims of Kindred, of Gratitude, and of Benevolence.---The Politician, as well as the Philosopher, obtains a reputation for Wisdom, by applying his knowledge and experience at a suitable time — by finding resources in danger, expedients in difficulty, and extracting information (by stratagem) to facilitate his purposes.—To be a sagacious politician, however, is not to be a wise man, unless he proves himself to be such in other instances: Ambition or Envy may distract his mind, and he may feel within, as SHAKESPEARE observes — "the nature of an "insurrection."----From this the good man only is exempt.----He who is truly wise, will prepare for the reception of Peace within his own breast: he will proportion his hopes and desires to the intrinsic worth of the object, and provide for himself a sanctuary, against the time of trouble and danger, which may prove impregnable to his enemies, and an asylum from the world! Without such a

sanctuary, the pursuits of this life will come to nothing! they are merely the chimeras of the brain — "the airy, unsubstantial vision, which "leaves not a wreck behind!" And as the hand of Time has swept away the most magnificent works of Art, even the stately structures of Balbeck and Palmyra, the gulph of Oblivion will also close over the most brilliant scenes of Grandeur, and the most alluring objects of Delight or Vanity. —It is the employment of Wisdom to save its pursuits from the general wreck, and to secure a treasure where no rapacity can enter, and where storms and tempests will never reach it!

ON

# GENEROSITY.

THERE is something, to every youthful mind, (with very few exceptions) that is peculiarly delightful and attractive in Generosity: but it is not every one who affects, nor every one who acquires, that deserves the character of possessing it. To live in affluence and splendour, to bestow with profusion, and to exhibit a kind of hospitable festivity, is all, in general, that is needful, in order to obtain it. There is a kind of good-humoured negligence in some tempers, which disposes them to be familiar and accessible to those who approach them: perhaps, with them, there is something more troublesome in a denial than in

compliance; but they gain without deserving, and probably without desiring it, the reputation of being Generous. There are many who would expose you to the ridicule of their acquaintance, and deprive you of all the decent consequence you might possess, who would still open their purse to you, in the hour of pecuniary distress, without reluctance. Such, however they may plume themselves on their pretensions to Generosity, are strangers (we may safely assert) to that virtue!—The man who is truly generous, has not only an attention to the misfortunes, but to the feelings of his fellow-creatures—an attention which it is impossible for a vicious man to feel, or a dissipated one to practise: He avoids any triumph that may inflict confusion or distress on another, and takes no pleasure in a sense of superiority obtained at their expence; he enjoys no exultation from their defects, and wishes for no sacrifice to his interest at the cost of Humanity! he encourages the merit which is repulsed by others, and supports the modest pretensions that are scorned or disregarded!

True Generosity is a nobility or grandeur of soul, which exalts it above mean deceptions or unworthy actions; its friendship is sincere, and its enmity is never disguised by falshood or sullied by baseness; it is capable of justice, even to an enemy, and can promote the happiness of others at the expence of its own. The strongest motive to the exercise of this amiable virtue is, that it may be transgressed with impunity: there is nothing so helpless as the resentment of a generous man, when the object of it is in his power!---- We may here observe how intimately this noble impulse of the soul is connected with Justice. To allow every man those advantages which naturally or morally belong to him, is the essence of that Divine principle. Then how can Generosity, which so nicely considers the good of others, oppose its dictates?—Impossible!—It would then cease to be a virtue. Whatever the gay libertine may imagine, the man who neglects the claims of Justice, and wantonly disappoints the lawful creditor, when he has actually the means to satisfy him, is equally a stranger to Honour, Justice, and Generosity.

As most of our moral excellencies may degenerate to excess, and have some defect which is apt to adhere to them, and sully their splendour, so has Generosity: By neglect, it degenerates into Indiscretion, and it is often tarnished with Pride. Indeed, nothing so effectually obscures its lustre as the last named intruder; it communicates a certain fierceness to the virtue itself, which, though it lessens not its dignity, destroys its loveliness, and gives it an air of authority which defeats its own purposes. The man who is too lofty to receive an obligation, should consider this; that he regards as little the feelings of him who offers it, and leaves him, perhaps, in a state of disappointment as painful as Malice itself could inflict—a reflection which must have, one should think, the greatest influence on those who are possessed of a generous sensibility. There is a sort of injustice in refusing a benefit, which is sincerely and honourably intended us; and to accept it, so as to gratify the donor, is a lesson that is sometimes wanting, even to the noblest mind and the strongest sensibility.

I need not say, there are those in the world, who, governed by other motives, and animated by

very different pursuits, are wholly blind and insensible to the charms of Generosity: it appears only a childish absurdity in their eyes; only fit for the romantic poet or inexperienced youth to contemplate with ardour. That it still exists, however, we have examples to assure us, and sometimes it may be found under a cold and unpromising aspect. There are minds, where all its energy remains, though the chilling touches of Time and Disappointment have combined to weaken its power. I will only add, in conclusion to my description of it, that, to protect the helpless and oppressed, to relieve the unhappy, to feel beyond its professions, and execute beyond its promises, are the noble and distinguishing features of Generosity.

I must here remark, that what Generosity may be, in the wild and uncultivated soil of Nature, such, and a great deal more, (improved with a thousand graces — adorned with meekness, and glowing with perfection—exempt from all defect!) is that Divine virtue of Charity, which our blessed Religion, Christianity, inculcates.

Generosity is a curious and valuable plant; but it becomes the common growth of the Christian land! Here it is fostered with care—it blooms with celestial beauty! and may be ingrafted on the most barren spot, with the assistance of THAT Power who has promised us "the Harvest of Immortality!"

ON

# ADVERSITY.

ALTHOUGH every man, I believe, wishes to be happy, and exempt from trouble, yet it is certain, the most amiable characters, and the truest friends, have been selected from the shades of Adversity; and many a person, (who would have been considered merely as one among our agreeable associates), when drove into a sea of difficulties, or exposed to a storm of distress, becomes distinguished, great, and illustrious—an object of esteem and admiration, and an example to the world. Our dramatic Poet, SHAKESPEARE, has observed, "Sweet are the uses of Adversity;"

and, by much higher authority, we are assured, "Whom the LORD loveth He chasteneth, and "scourgeth every Son whom He receiveth:"— And moreover, that "our short trials, which are "but for a moment, work for us a far more ex- "ceeding and eternal weight of Glory." The Christian esteems this as a part of his creed: but even after the fashion of this world, the Child of Adversity has many advantages over those we account to be prosperous. What avails it that the lake is unruffled, if it becomes stagnate or corrupt from want of motion? Such is often the case of a mind whose powers and sensibility have never been awakened, or called on by Necessity or by Danger!—The life of a prosperous man, we may naturally suppose, is calm and peaceable; at least, there are no violent concussions from without to disturb his tranquillity: what he suffers from within we are unacquainted with; but weariness and langour are almost sure to invade his soul, and, like the touch of the Torpedo, to benumb its faculties: the ease and health he constantly possesses, become insipid to him; Indolence renders them more so, and a general indifference is the result. The world he cannot know, or distinguish

his real friend, when it is the interest of every man to appear so. Such a being, who is always accustomed to attention and complaisance, will be less sedulous to deserve them, and less obliged to those who bestow them; his manners will, probably, be tinctured by Pride, and his conversation negligent or assuming:—the Patron he may sometimes prove, but the soothing, sympathising Friend, can rarely be expected in him; nor can we suppose that he will accommodate himself to the wishes and singularities of others.----Such are the consequences of Prosperity in persons of a common character, if exempt from any gross vice; indeed, it is a hundred to one if such have any fixed character at all; frivolous, trifling, capricious, and unfeeling, we often find them "every thing "by turns, and nothing long." Doubtless there are those who are entirely exempted from this reproach, who shine in a state of ease and affluence—whose examples, goodness, and benevolence, are a blessing to the world; but for exemplary meekness, patience, and fortitude, we must seek the abodes of Misery, where the Veteran recounts his hardships, and patient suffering Virtue is sheltered from the world.

Adversity is certainly the touchstone of Truth; it shews what the world is, without disguise; and however deformed it may appear, the discovery is infinitely useful to creatures that must leave it, with all its allurements and defects, some time or other, and prepare for a better country! — Delusion may, indeed, be pleasing, but true Wisdom will seek for realities, and encounter every hardship to secure them; it will consider Deception as the resource of Folly, and pursue Truth, whatever is the price it pays for it. Such is the practise of Wisdom, and the natural result is Felicity, superior to change and disappointment.

The memory of a Friend, whose virtues are engraved upon my heart, has led to the observations I have offered upon this subject. In the early part of my life I became acquainted with the excellent SOPHRONIA: she was then in a genteel, and, apparently, an affluent situation; her manners were polite and ceremonious, with some mixture of reserve, and her conversation was sensible and discreet, without brilliancy. Had she continued in the sunshine of life, probably she would have ranked with many others, and have

sunk, like others, into Oblivion: But it was the appointment of Divine Wisdom to reduce her to a very different situation. The tempest of Adversity gathered round her head! Trials of a most severe and mortifying nature lacerated her heart! While they forcibly gained her attention for exertion to find resources, they called forth her fortitude and magnanimity, and in proportion as they increased, the powers of vital Religion seemed to kindle in her soul, to encounter and resist them! It was then that her mind, like a besieged city, put forth all its strength, and a Strength Superior was added to support it. When many would have sunk in despair, her patient resolution endured every suffering, for the sake of herself and others, and they were animated by her example. Nothing was mean or abject in SOPHRONIA; she received kindness with a graceful and becoming complacency, and whenever she partook of society, there appeared a cheerfulness in her aspect, which only can dwell with Virtue, though it sometimes pays a transient visit to Folly. Her manners were softened, and her courtesy became more engaging. In scenes of distress she still contrived to shew benevolence to others, and procured the esteem of

many distinguished persons, by uniting a most liberal spirit with a grateful heart. In Friendship she was firm and sincere; but she utterly despised Flattery, in every form whatever; and as the dignity of Truth never forsook her in distress, she seemed rather ennobled than depressed by it.—She died, a sincere Christian, after a long and severe illness; and her memory will inspire respect, when the wealthy, the gay, and the splendid, are quite forgotten!

ON

# SENSIBILITY.

We may observe, in our intercourse with the world, that the young, the generous, and the sincere, are apt to be enthusiasts in the cause of Sensibility. It is indulged — it is idolized! it is cherished by them with all the tenderness and blind infatuation of a parent, treating with unbounded indulgence his engaging and beautiful offspring! Beautiful it is, in its simple and natural appearance: when Youth is insensible of its charms, we may assert that it is fit "for stratagems and spoils."— Cold and disengenuous must that mind be, which shrinks from the objects of Pity, Love, and Admiration, or at least surveys them unmoved, at a

season of life when the heart is first expanding to the rays of Hope, and has never been chilled by Disappointment. I believe that such a disposition is as rare as it is unamiable: such a one, perhaps, may be softened by Adversity, though it is rugged by Nature; but the warm, susceptible heart, is her usual production. Animated with Genius, as well as melting with tenderness, we behold—with anxiety we behold the Child of Sensibility! How exquisite is its sympathy, how graceful are its movements! It is only the piercing eye of Experience—of sober contemplative Wisdom—which anticipates its danger, which sees that, fearless and inconsiderate, it will rush to a precipice, if indulged in its career; that Credulity, its fatal and officious companion, will offer it as a victim to Ruin!—Peculiar and astonishing is its fate, and no one who beheld its native abhorrence of Vice, which is intense, like its other sensations, could suppose the misery and disgrace which Vice inflicts, should ever, in the smallest degree, be the portion of Sensibility. But the richest and most excellent soil will degenerate, if neglected: weeds, and perhaps poisons too, will become its production! Every thing that is best in Nature, will become

noxious, if it is misused or perverted: the tree which is too luxuriant in its produce, exhausts and destroys itself; and the heart which springs uncontrouled to every object of Desire or Affection, will at length (harrassed by Disappointment) return, disconsolate and miserable! the prey of Despair, which will never be known, and of wrongs which will never be comprehended.

Such is the fate of a misguided Sensibility.—Happy, unspeakably happy, after all, if its sufferings, and the experience of earthly delusions—if the ingratitude and treachery it meets with in the world, should direct it to the Author of Hope and Consolation!

In the awful and glorious objects of the Christian Religion, Sensibility may display the ardour of its powers, with a full and perfect assurance, that it will never be deserted or disappointed! He who implanted it in the human breast, will accept of its homage, and render it the avenue of Comfort! This offering of a wounded heart He will not despise; its weakness will be strengthened; its distresses will be mercifully relieved; and its con-

flicts will terminate in everlasting Felicity. — Such a delightful period as this, to wretchedness and despair, can never be conceived by those who are infidels to the power of Religion, and its wonderful influence upon the mind which turns to it for an asylum in the hour of darkness and calamity.

It is true, that Sensibility is sometimes totally extinguished by a promiscuous intercourse with the world. The ingratitude of others may render it, by degrees, cold and unrelenting; the hypocrisy of Vice may make it severe, and the vile impositions of Falsehood may render it, at last, distrustful even of the professions of Truth. But this is not often the case; Sensibility is oftener corrupted by Pleasure, infatuated by violent affections, or ruined by a blind Credulity: oftener is it drove to distraction by Cruelty and Malice, than hardened by Covetousness, by Pride, or Malignity. How far, when indulged to excess, it may involve us in the guilt of others — how far it may ruin the noblest mind, and betray the strongest understanding, is, alas! too well known in society to be here insisted

on. — Let us not conclude, however, that this admirable gift of Nature is truly to be considered as a misfortune, because in the possession of a few it has proved injurious, and wasted away the vigour of the soul in grief and anxiety: far be it from the wise, the good, and the rational, to encourage such a thought! — Sensibility is a jewel, and was given to adorn the soul for the best and noblest purposes! it is the friend of Benevolence, with all its amiable cares and delightful sensations: it is the means of sympathy in Friendship, of tenderness in Love, of zeal in Religion! — of every thing that is generous and refined in human Nature! It generally accompanies exalted Genius and superior Taste: it enriches the mind with pleasures and gratifications which an insensible one has no idea of! Above all things, its utility is displayed in the power of Conscience; it renders the sense of Guilt insupportable, and it produces the nicest perception of right and wrong, in every minute gradation. When the principles of Religion and Virtue have been wisely inculcated, an ardent Sensibility will adorn them with graces, which even the most dissipated and vicious may

admire and envy. Sorrows, indeed, will attend it; but they are such as Angels might feel for the corruption of human Nature!

Sensibility is a noble endowment, but let us be watchful and jealous of its movements; let us pray to the Author of Wisdom to guide and temper it: when restrained and directed aright, it is the genial spark of the Soul; a principle of life, heat, and activity: but when once connected with Folly, it becomes a devouring flame, which consumes every useful faculty, and ends in Ruin and Desolation!

ON

# CONTEMPT.

AMONG the few writers I have perused on the subject of Morals and Manners, that have exposed the follies of Fashion, and the errors that infest Society, it has somewhat excited my wonder, that none of them have noticed the depredations which have been made by Contempt. This cruel and malignant intruder has destroyed as much harmony, and, I believe, almost as much happiness in the world, as a deliberate enmity: it is the more to be dreaded, as it lays in a kind of ambush, and sends out its arrows in so silent and secret a manner, that oftentimes none but the sufferer can discern them; it stabs, like the Italian Stiletto,

a deep and deadly wound, when it is almost impossible to discover the orifice. We are prepared for the attacks of an open and declared Aversion.—Injustice, by its acrimony and violence, has often subverted its own purposes. Though a Satire is severe and poignant, our wit, or our innocence, may supply a defence. But there is none against Contempt! its accusation is indefinite, but it carries with it the sentence of disgrace: it damps the exertions of Genius — the spirit of Emulation! and congeals every faculty of the soul with its petrifying touch.

It is not that Contempt in itself, distinctly considered, is unlawful. The good, the generous, and the humane, may unquestionably feel it; but they feel it only on proper occasions, and with regret. It is not the inferiority of birth or fortune, it is meanness of character and baseness of conduct, which excites their contempt — a contempt which affords pain, while that of the bad and malicious man is mingled with a sort of triumph and satisfaction. The just object of disdain, in a generous nature, is that sordid meanness of soul, which no elevation can disguise or honours dignify; that is

haunted by Infamy in the midst of Grandeur! guarded by Fear or Suspicion—ever distrustful of others, and jealous of their superiority. Such a meanness as this I describe, will promote in others that spirit of enmity and confusion; that daring and adventurous mischief, which it declines perpetrating itself: it skulks pitifully behind the shelter, which Stratagem, not Virtue, has provided for it, and leaves (with exultation in its own safety) the bad and the innocent alike to the fury of the storm which seems ready to overwhelm them.—This is Meanness, or at least one degree of it, in an exalted station, and it has generally Falshood for its auxiliary: in a low or dependent state, it is most in its element, and, indeed, it is less inexcusable: Adulation and Deceit are its accompaniments, and it is usually supported by Cunning; it is familiarized to schemes and devices, which an honest and virtuous mind would think the worst of slavery to execute: its ways are the ways of Darkness; and it creeps to Success through a labyrinth of gloomy and polluted paths, which the honourable and the good never dared to enter! Such a one as this, is the object of a just and a laudable Contempt. In proportion to our

esteem for Virtue, we shall despise Baseness and abhor Malignity.----But it is not the man of Learning or Genius — the Scholar, unskilled, perhaps, in the knowledge of the world, or the arts of Politeness; it is not the defects of Education, or the peculiarities of certain classes of men — it is not these that should excite our Contempt! and it is particularly misplaced on the Ignorance which seeks for improvement. — I must add also, that whatsoever is deserving of Pity, should never inspire Contempt. That trifling distinctions of dress or manners should awaken it, is absurd; and highly characteristic of a weak and frivolous mind. What shall we say, then, if the ingenious Mechanic, the industrious Artist — the martyr of industrious Poverty, who labours for his subsistence, and prefers the wages of Integrity to those of Sin and Fraud — if these should be viewed with Contempt? What shall we say, when an honest, undesigning heart, and simplicity of character, is an object only of Derision? Or how shall we restrain our indignation, when the practice of Sobriety, Virtue, and Religion, shall excite Contempt in fashionable Society? — Surely

it may tempt us to exclaim, in the words of JUBA, the honest NUMIDIAN Prince:—

——— " If Knowledge of the World must make
" Men Villains,
" May JUBA ever live in Ignorance!"

ADDISON'S CATO.

ON

# GENIUS.

WHILE superior Genius is the envy and the admiration of mankind, it is but little imagined how far the inconvenience or temptations to which it is exposed may overbalance those advantages which it confers on the possessor. We forget the moments of anxiety, the numberless cares, fears, and inquietudes, which agitate the heart and distract the mind of him who would display his abilities for the acquisition of Fame, or render them the conveyance of Instruction. Certain it is, that these two ends are widely different, and often the reverse of each other. That the Author who means to dazzle and astonish us by his bril-

liancy, is clearly to be distinguished from him who exerts his Genius for the benefit of his reader. The former of these we may survey with admiration, as an enlivening Companion; but the other we esteem as the valuable Friend: The former will be read and applauded, will be sought for and fashionable; even the thoughtless and the gay will honour him with that transitory attention, which is gratified with eagerness and perishes in Oblivion! But the work of the useful writer will retain its impression on the mind, when the agreeable chimeras of Life are forgotten; and the Soul, emerging from Vanity and earthly cares, has learnt to value her Divine Original.

A time no doubt will come, (if we are not children to the end of our lives,) when the charms of Novelty will cease—when the flashes of Wit will afford but a short-lived amusement—when solid Argument shall produce Conviction, and Truth alone will be acceptable. It is then, if not before, that we shall distinguish between the Author who sparkles with Genius only, from him who informs the Understanding, and who seeks to amend the Heart. The visionary and sprightly

Author may surprise and entertain us; but it is he who resolves our doubts; who describes our conflicts, and relieves our perplexities; who pours in the Balm of Comfort, (as far as is in his power) and animates us with Hope;—it is he who enriches our understanding, and exalts our intellects; who endeavours to mitigate the fever of Passion, and console us in the agonies of Remorse or Despair!—it is HE alone that we select for our favourite Companion—for our Counsellor and Friend!

If it were known, or accurately considered, those innumerable Benefits which may accrue to Society from the labours of an ingenious and virtuous Writer, who collects all the materials within his reach, for the benefit of mankind, and adorns the maxims of Truth with the graces of Eloquence, we should justly consider him as an object of universal respect, and we should rightly apprehend the importance of mental attainments: it is only the right application which renders them glorious and desirable. Whatever subject they pursue, at least they should convey an innocent, a moral gratification to the mind; and he who sets

forth the labours of others, perishing, perhaps, in Oblivion, and difficult of access to the ordinary reader; he who selects them with judgment, fidelity, and taste, has undoubtedly a distinguished claim to Honour and Commendation. How black—how enormous, then, must appear the iniquity of him who perverts the talents and the knowledge he has received, and who applies them for the destruction of his fellow-creatures!—of millions that he never saw, (perhaps yet unborn) who may owe their misery and destruction to his fatal exertions.

It is certain, that in the hands of Malice or Prejudice, united with Genius, a poison may be distilled, even from the flowers of Knowledge, and the injurious effects of it may be felt by those who never shall obtain the antidote. When extraordinary talents are thus perverted and misused; when Eloquence and Wit are the engines of Vice, (perhaps of Profaneness and Infidelity) it is impossible for the most savage of tyrants to inflict an evil on mankind of equal magnitude!—it flies, on the wings of the Pestilence, through the ranks of Society; especially among the young and in-

experienced. An offence of this nature is superior to any conceptions that can be formed of it, and whatever are the talents and other pretensions of the criminal, as they aggravate his guilt, and must increase his condemnation, they ought only to increase his infamy.

Let him, therefore, who is possessed of Genius, instead of exulting, tremble at what he enjoys, and remember,—"Since much is given, much will be "required of him."

ON

# THE BLESSINGS AND BENEFITS

OF

# SUNDAY.

AMONG a multitude of persons who feel the advantages of the Sabbath, as a day of rest, it is to be feared—greatly feared—there are many who are wholly careless and insensible of that Almighty Goodness which ordained it. Perhaps there are but few, in comparison, who consider the nature and design of the institution, or regard it, as it really is, an immortal Proof and Evidence of the Existence and the Power of GOD, and the Revelation he has given to man; an evidence that comes home to the senses and reason of every living mor-

tal; and when Infidelity and Atheism have exerted every nerve in their power, to serve the Prince of Darkness, and to represent Religion as priestcraft, the Sabbath alone will declare that the Divine Records are true, and there is a Providence which governs the world, as there was an Almighty Power which created it. It is impossible to suppose the Sabbath, or a day of rest from labour, should ever have been of human institution.—We perceive, even now, though it is (if rightly observed) so greatly refreshing and desirable to man, especially to the sons of Labour and Industry, and, indeed, so merciful to the whole animated Creation at large, yet those in more affluent conditions survey it in a very different light: the gay and the worldly receive it with coldness, and are too apt to annex the ideas of weariness and langour to a day when their pleasures are suspended; and persons whose hearts are set upon gain and riches, consider it too frequently, perhaps, as a part of time unfavourable and lost to their purposes.—Such being the case, (when the whole of human life is thought too little for the pursuit of some favourite object) it is not probable that great and eminent persons of the earth should have instituted

and actually appointed one day in seven, in which all they loved and pursued must submit to a delay, at least to a temporary interruption; and whatever the benevolence of a few might have attempted, it is not supposable, that the labouring and subordinate classes of society (however valuable) would have been first considered.

Notwithstanding this difficulty, it is no less certain, the Day—the glorious Day of Mercy and relief to the Creation, has been not only ordained, but firmly established for a long series of years. The gates of Hell, the powers of worldly Interest, and the softer seductions of Pleasure, have never prevailed against it. Numbers there are who still preserve a proper sense of its sanctity—who delight in its refreshment; and, by Divine Mercy, the victorious light of the Gospel continues to shine upon it, for the instruction of thousands who might otherwise moulder away in darkness and languish in despair!---The health and minds of men are not only recruited, in general, from the fatiguing exertions of Labour, and the toil of their respective avocations, but the poor and illiterate are enlightened; they have time and opportunity.

to worship their GOD, and to know their Divine SAVIOUR! their hearts are opened to the blessed truths of Christianity, and its saving power is communicated to the wild uncultivated regions of Ignorance, which would otherwise degenerate to Barbarism.

Society itself must naturally derive benefit from these means; for as it is composed of individuals, every one, however obscure, may promote the general good to a certain degree, or increase the general disorder. — A system of Instruction must therefore be the highest blessing to mankind, and every one who observes it, is valuable, not only to himself and the circle in which he moves, but as a part of the community to which he belongs. For this reason, we find that worldly men, in some degree, are desirous that the Sabbath Day should be regarded by their families and dependants, though they exclude themselves (preposterously) from its benefits.

Perhaps, if we could examine and take a view of the world in general, we should find that this blessed Day has been the means of a greater equality among men than is usually imagined. If we observe the smile of Joy and Gratitude on the rugged face of Labour—the animated countenance and sparkling eye of the industrious Mechanic, who on this day is almost on a level with the happiest of his fellow-mortals, and tastes the cup of Liberty doubly sweet and delightful: could we seriously consider these things, with every circumstance of comfort and comparison, surely we should discern that Almighty Hand, which conducts the affairs of men, and has mercifully infused a cordial in the draught of human life, even for those we esteem as miserable. It has further enriched us with the knowledge of Redeeming Love, to render even the Sabbath itself more precious and desirable! Let us praise and glorify the Divine Goodness which appointed it: let us never forget that we are his creatures; and that when we had fallen from his blessed Dominion, into the bondage of Sin, He redeemed us with a price inestimable!—Let us never forget what Love, Gratitude, and

Homage are due to Him, who refreshes us in this vale of tears from the fountain of Life, and has prepared an everlasting Inheritance of Peace and Joy for those that love Him!

Finis.

Wetton and Sons, Printers,
Egham and Chertsey.